THE MARION WEEKLY STAR.

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ON THE GUILLOTINE.

Execution of [illegible] Anastay in Paris.

AT DAYBREAK THIS MORNING.

The Murderer of the [illegible] Pays the Penalty of His Crime with His Own Life—[illegible] Happenings Across the [illegible].

PARIS, [illegible] Anastay, who killed the [illegible] and almost killed [illegible] on the Boulevard Du Temple [illegible], was guillotined at [illegible] morning. Deibler, the executioner, returned to Paris yesterday, and the execution took place at La Roquette prison.

L[illegible] ANASTAY.

Anastay had [illegible] little or nothing [illegible] as he knew his end [illegible] cigarettes [illegible] landscapes for the [illegible] employes at the [illegible] nervous and pale, and [illegible] unable to sleep lately, [illegible] haunted by apparitions of [illegible] who were [illegible] their executions. [illegible] Sunday, and [illegible] of the priest. [illegible] that his time was [illegible] "Well, I will die like [illegible]. If I can not be shot as an officer [illegible], I will show at least that I am not a coward."

Strong pressure had been brought to bear on the authorities to have Anastay shot on the ground that he had been an officer in the army, and as late as yesterday appeal was made for him at both the ministry of the interior and that of war. The facts that he was sentenced to the guillotine [illegible], and was, on the retired list at the time of the murder, rendered [illegible] unavailable.

Two Bombs Exploded.

MADRID, April 7.—Two bombs were exploded in Card[illegible] last night. One burst near the bishop's palace and the other at the [illegible]. No one was injured. The whole city was shaken as if by an earthquake. People ran from their homes [illegible] from the scenes of the explosions, and in the nearby districts the streets were crowded with those who [illegible] to retire. Windows were shattered several hundred yards from the spot from where the bomb, evidently intended for the bishop, was placed, and plastering fell from the walls. No arrests have been made.

Another Dynamite Outrage.

PARIS, April 7.—Another dynamite outrage is reported at Angers, a flourishing manufacturing city in the department of Maine-et-Loire, and about [illegible] miles from Paris. A [illegible] was exploded outside of the police office and the building was badly shattered. Two policemen were severely injured, and all their comrades more or less shaken up. Anarchists have been spreading their principles among the factory people of Angers, as in other manufacturing towns and it is supposed that the activity of the police in attempting to check this propaganda incited the anarchists to revenge.

Favors Arbitration.

LONDON, April 9.—Sir George Baden-Powell was interviewed yesterday as to the status of the Behring sea matter. He said he was hopeful of final and satisfactory settlement of the negotiations which, thanks to Lord Salisbury, and Mr. Blaine would, for the first time in history, bring before a commission of arbitration the rights of harvesting the products of the sea. The arbitration, he said, would establish a valuable precedent in international law for other countries, and would settle the only possible cause for trouble between England and the United States.

Stabbed with a Pitchfork.

LONDON, April 7.—A tenant farmer named Byrne, in Essex, yesterday quarreled with John McCartan, his landlord, at the barn, as regards the rent, and stabbed him in the abdomen with a pitchfork. McCartan will probably die. Byrne has been arrested.

Deeming Insolent.

MELBOURNE, April 7.—The Deeming inquest was continued yesterday. Deeming continues insolent. A woman testified to hearing a quarrel in Deeming's house about the time of the murder. It was shown that Deeming had sold articles belonging to the dead woman.

Stole the Dynamite.

MADRID, April 7.—Ferreira, the anarchist who attempted to blow up the cortes, says the bombs were stolen from the government works. Arrest of anarchists continue, and special judges are to try them.

Killed His Wife and Children.

BELFAST, April 7.—Allan Spiller, a gun maker, killed his wife and two children with a hammer and razor yesterday and attempted suicide. He was insane from loss of employment and illness.

Sent Up for a Year.

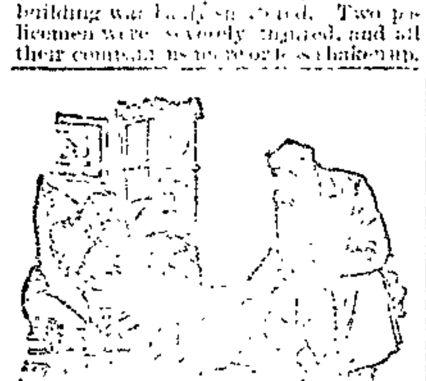
LONDON, April 7.—John Hart, known in America as MacDonald, a notorious criminal, was yesterday sentenced to one year's imprisonment for attempting to steal a box of securities from the London and Westminster bank.

Hundreds Killed.

PARIS, April 7.—West African advices state that King Samory has defeated the French expedition under Captain Menard. Menard and hundreds of his native troops were killed.

Anarchists Burning Buildings.

VIENNA, April 7.—A series of fires attributed to anarchists are alarming the residents of this city.



[illegible]

The torturing pains and ills that beset women, [illegible] certain forms of [illegible] yield [illegible] Prescription. It is a [illegible] vegetable, perfectly harmless [illegible] to the delicate [illegible] of woman. It allays and [illegible] the nervous symptoms and [illegible] bearing-down [illegible] functional and organic troubles.

It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, [illegible] tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a positive remedy for "female complaints" and [illegible]. All [illegible] disturbances, [illegible] displacements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. *It's guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

Read the guarantee on the wrapper.

You lose nothing if it doesn't help you—but it will.

ELECTION IN RHODE ISLAND.

The Largest Vote Ever Cast in the History of the State.

PROVIDENCE, April 7.—The returns from all over the state of yesterday's election are not all in, owing to the tedious counting necessary under the Australian system. The returns at hand are sufficient, however, to indicate that there is no election for state officers, with a probability of a Republican plurality.

The state law requires a majority vote to elect, and there are a sufficient number of Republicans returned up to this hour to insure the election of Senator Aldrich to the United States senate, and the choice of the Republican candidates for state offices.

It requires fifty four members of the legislature to elect on joint ballot, and the Republicans have at present fifty-one, with every probability of having elected six more.

The city of Providence went Democratic by about 400 majority.

The result is a surprise to everybody, and shows that there are several thousand people in the state whom the party managers can never locate.

Up to this hour the vote for governor stands: Brown, 23,157; Wardwell, 22,072; Gilbert, 1,111; Burton, 176. This is a total of 46,846, the largest vote ever cast in Rhode Island.

TWO ACRES OF FIRE.

A Disastrous Conflagration Raging at Harrison, N. J.

NEWARK, N. J., April 7.—A disastrous fire is raging at Harrison, across the river from this city, and the damage already done is estimated at $10,000. The flames were first discovered in the shed of the Harrison Coal company and the wind, which was blowing quite strongly, soon spread the flames to an alarming extent. The coal company's property was destroyed, and the fire spread to the lumber yards of the Domestic Sewing Machine company, and in a short time the whole place was in flames.

At present two acres of ground have been laid bare by the fire, which is not yet under control. The entire fire departments of Harrison and Kearny, and several engines from this city are on the scene. They are concentrating their efforts to save a number of tenement houses which are in close proximity to the fire. A two story house of the Domestic company has also been burned.

Murder, Robbery and a Lynching.

ALEXANDRIA, La., April 7.—News reached here last night by a Chicago drummer from that section that Captain Patrick Keley, aged fifty-five years, engaged in peddling, was killed on Sunday last on Little river, near [illegible], by a gang of eight negroes. Four of the negroes were caught and hanged and the mob is in pursuit of the rest of the gang. The killing was for the purpose of robbery.

SALT LAKE CITY, April 7.—The capstone of the Mormon temple was laid yesterday with impressive ceremonies in the presence of 30,000 saints.

WAR IN VENEZUELA.

Serious Revolution in That Republic.

THE GOVERNMENT IN DANGER.

Revolutionists Capture the Fort Which Commands the City of Maracaibo—Several Cities Declare in Favor of the Revolution—A Man-of-War Seized.

NEW YORK, April 7.—The Recorder publishes a communication from Caracas, Venezuela, under date of March 30, which says that a savage warfare is now being carried on in that republic, and that the revolutionists are gaining ground.

Continuing, the dispatch says that war was declared against the revolutionists on March 19. All the preliminaries of war were left entirely to the public imagination. There was absolutely no word of explanation as to the reason why Crespo, the leader of the revolutionists, should be proceeded against. Upon the president's direction, Dr. Sebastian Cassanas was appointed general in chief of the government forces, and he at once went to the front. He made his headquarters at La Victoria, about half way between Caracas and Valencia. Events followed one another rapidly for several days.

On the afternoon of March 23 the rumor reached Caracas that Fort San Carlos, which commands the city of Maracaibo, had been captured by the revolutionists, but nothing further has since been heard from that neighborhood.

The advices confirm the report sent out several days ago that the president's mansion had been damaged by a dynamite explosion.

Word came to the city on March 25 that the city of Barquisimeto had been surrounded by the revolutionists' forces, and that the mountain passes to the south were blocked by the followers of Crespo, under the command of Manzano. On the following day the government began anew to send troops to the front.

Later a bulletin issued under Crespo's direction, confirming the capture of Barquisimeto, was received. The city, which has a population of 31,000, had been taken by General Diaz and Juarez and is in full control of the revolutionary party.

The bulletin also declared that the city of Trujillo and the city of Merida, capital of the state of Los Andes, had declared in favor of the revolution, together with the Tachera section of the state of Los Andes.

The latest news from LaGuayra is that a man of war has been seized by the revolutionists.

The United States steamship Newark is in the harbor.

INHUMAN CRULTY.

A Child Bound, Gagged and Clubbed by Its Stepmother.

INDIANAPOLIS, April 7.—Mrs. Mary Hahn, the second wife of Albert Hahn, was brought into the police court Tuesday, charged with inhumanly treating her stepdaughter, a bright, dark-eyed little girl, aged eight. The child was the criminating witness. When stripped to the waist there were great black and blue marks along the arm, the skin broken in many places, while on the body were large welts running crosswise and up and down. Long, heavy scratches marred the child's face. The little one testified that her stepmother tied her hands and feet, stuffed her mouth with rags, and then laid her down and beat her. Witnesses testified that the sound of blows were heard in adjoining houses and that the spoke of a wagon was used. The state held the case one of the most brutal coming within its jurisdiction, and Mrs. Hahn was committed to the work house for ninety days, besides which a fine and costs were imposed.

President Going Snipe Shooting.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—President Harrison expects to be able to get away tonight for a day's snipe shooting in New Jersey. If the program, as at present arranged, is carried out, the president will leave here on a midnight train, spend Friday on the marshes, and return home that night. He has been working hard lately, and snipe shooting means tramping over uneven country, so that one day is likely to afford him sufficient recreation of that sport. Still, if the sport is good and the tramping not too wearisome, he may be induced to spend Saturday as well with the birds, and come home that evening.

Cured of a Mad Dog Bite.

VALPARAISO, Ind., April 7.—Peter O'Hara, who was bitten by a rabid dog, has returned from Terre Haute, where he went to have a madstone applied. He believes in the efficacy of the treatment. The stone, when first applied, remained firmly attached to the wound for several hours and then dropped off. A second application of one hour was made, and a third of twenty minutes, but the stone did not take the same hold, having apparently absorbed the virus.

Fire from an Explosion.

ST. PAUL, April 7.—At 10:30 yesterday an explosion occurred in the basement of the St. Paul White Lead and Oil company's building, located on the levee in West St. Paul. The building was soon in flames and in an hour was a total loss, the walls having fallen. The stock was valued at $[illegible], machinery at $15,000 and building at $[illegible]. The insurance on the whole was only $10,000.

Still Lives.

LOUISA, Ky., April 7.—There is no truth in the report of the death of Captain Hatfield. This is the fourth time Hatfield has been killed, but he is still alive.

SYSTEMATIC ROBBERY.

A New York Banking House Discovers a Financial Leak.

NEW YORK, April 7.—A systematic robbery of the banking house of Dix & Phyfe, 15 Wall street, was unearthed yesterday. The extent of the amount of stealings is not yet definitely known, but it is believed they will reach between $60,000 and $70,000. Fifty-three thousand dollars of the amount stolen have been recovered, and the loss of the firm will not, therefore, in any event, be very large.

Oscar Creamer, nineteen years old, of 425 Hicks street, Brooklyn, the assistant bookkeeper, was the promoter of the scheme. He had as confederates W. E. Carpenter, aged thirty-five, a clerk of Dix & Phyfe, and James L. White, of Brooklyn, an outsider. Carpenter is under arrest, but Creamer and White have disappeared and are supposed to be somewhere on the ocean on the steamer Oakland, which left this port for Copenhagen on Monday.

The failure of Creamer to appear at the banking office on Monday morning precipitated the discovery of the robbery. Mr. Phyfe, one of the firm members, became suspicious, and determined to examine the cash books. He found them in a frightfully mutilated condition, besides that $20,000 in bonds of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy railroad were missing. Inspector Byrnes was notified, and after a brief investigation with some of his detectives, the clerk, Carpenter, was arrested. He was confronted with conclusive evidence of his complicity in the robbery, whereupon he broke down and made a clean breast of the affair.

Creamer, he said, was acting bookkeeper in the absence of the regular bookkeeper, who was in southern California for his health. He had been in his new position but a short time when Carpenter discovered that Creamer was robbing the firm. Creamer admitted it to his accuser, and said he intended to get all he could before the bookkeeper returned. He then induced Carpenter to enter into the scheme. Creamer also induced an outsider, James L. White, of Brooklyn, to enter the conspiracy. White was given a letter of introduction to the Park National bank, signed by Dix & Phyfe, and immediately began making deposits. Five checks aggregating $27,000, and all signed by Dix & Phyfe, were deposited by him.

On April 1 White drew out $10,000, and on the following day $15,000 more. The checks deposited by White were not forged but simply filled in by Creamer, who had the handling of signed blank checks. A great deal of the money secured by the conspirators and the bonds were handed over to Carpenter, who was to forward the money to Creamer whenever he sent for it, Creamer and White having decided to leave the country. Carpenter buried the money and bonds in the cellar of the house, 47 Quincy street, Brooklyn. This ended Carpenter's confession.

Detectives went to the house named by Carpenter as the place where he had hidden the money and bonds, and after a brief search found the property as described by him. There were $32,130 in cash and $20,000 in bonds. It is certain that Creamer and White have taken some of their stealings with them, but how much can not yet be determined. The police say they will capture the fugitives.

EX-SENATOR DEAD.

Sudden Demise of Willard Saulsbury, of Dover, Delaware.

WILMINGTON, Del., April 7.—Hon. Willard Saulsbury, chancellor of the state of Delaware since 1874 and United States senator from 1859 to 1871, died at his residence at Dover yesterday of apoplexy. His death was sudden and unexpected, as he was in his usual apparent health and able to be out driving. For many years past, however, he had been physically infirm, though his bright intellect remained undimmed to the last.

When Willard Salisbury wanted to return to the United States senate in 1871 he was opposed by his brother Gove. There was a hitch in the legislature caucus, and as a compromise Eli Saulsbury, a third brother, was pushed forward and was chosen. He held the office eighteen years, and was succeeded by Anthony Higgins in 1891.

DEAD BODY IDENTIFIED.

Mystery Surrounding the Death of a Railroad Man.

PITTSBURG, April 7.—On Monday last the badly decomposed body of a young man was found in the Ohio river at Aliquippa, twenty-two miles west of here, and afterward buried. From a description of the remains friends of Stuart Faulkender, a Pennsylvania railroad brakeman, who disappeared from his boarding house in this city on Feb. 13 very mysteriously, went to Aliquippa yesterday and positively identified the body as that of young Faulkender.

The last seen of Faulkender alive was on the night of Feb. 13, when he was seen with three strangers. It is believed he was murdered, and the body was thrown in the river and floated down to where it was found Monday.

Reaching an Understanding.

WASHINGTON, April 7.—Secretary Blaine and Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British minister, called together at the White House yesterday and spent half an hour in conference with President Harrison upon the Behring sea matter. The negotiations, it is understood, have progressed to a point where there is only one point over which a serious difference of opinion is held; that refers to a question of damages respecting this year's catch of seals. This is not expected to cause any protracted delay, and a complete understanding will probably soon be reached.

PHILADELPHIA, April 7.—John Russell Young, ex-minister to China, has been appointed fourth vice president of the consolidated Reading system.

OHIO LEGISLATURE.

Proceedings of Both Branches of the General Assembly.

NATIONAL GUARD CHANGES.

Dr. Sterrett Introduces a Bill in the House Which Revises Nearly All the Laws Governing the Militia of the State—Local Bills Being Rushed Through.

COLUMBUS, O., April 7.—The house ground out some more little local bills and passed one of a general nature, Mr. Clark's house bill, giving courts of common pleas concurrent jurisdiction with probate courts in the trial of persons charged with concealing assets of estates.

Mr. Winn's bill, authorizing the state board of public works to sell some lands in Defiance county, and apply the proceeds to the benefit of the Miami and state canal, was passed.

Dr. Sterrett introduced a bill, which is of the utmost importance to the national guard. It revises nearly all the laws governing the militia. It provides that all regiments must consist of twelve companies increasing the number of companies from one hundred to 120.

The companies are made smaller so that the aggregate number of men is no larger than as at present provided. The minimum number of men to a company is thirty-two and the maximum fifty-six. A chaplain and an assistant surgeon for each troop of cavalry are provided for and the minimum number of members of a troop reduced to thirty.

Section 3018 is so amended as to provide that an officer who leaves the service and then re-enters it shall only take grade according to the date of his re-entering the service in the same rank he held when quitting it. A provision is made that the bill shall not affect the grade of any officer.

The term of enlistment is changed from three to five years. Men who have served out a full term may re-enter for one year. No enlisted man may be discharged except on order of the commander-in-chief.

The adjutant general is required to publish in his annual report the names of all officers and men dishonorably discharged.

Section 3041 is amended so as to provide for the trial for minor offenses of enlisted men by a court of discipline, to be composed of enlisted men. There is given a right of appeal to a field officers' court. Regimental inspection twice instead of once a year is provided for. Field and staff officers must assemble for instruction at least once every three months. The senior resident officer is given absolute control of each armory.

Mr. Farrell's bill, to provide for the abandonment of the Hocking canal, was reported from the committee on public works without recommendation. The house ordered the bill engrossed, and consideration was postponed until the second Thursday in January, 1893, at 11 a. m.

A joint resolution was adopted requiring the Valley Railway company to pay a certain rental for land belonging to the state and located in Akron.

Messrs. Carpenter of Meigs, Hildebrand and VanCleaf, on the part of the senate, and Taylor of Champaign, Brittain and Brock, on the part of the house, constitute a committee of conference on the general appropriation bill.

The Senate.

In the senate Mr. Green, of Cleveland, was called to the chair, and a recess was taken for five minutes in honor of ex-Governor Campbell, who addressed the senators, complimenting the intelligence of the members, and saying that this senate was not surpassed in that respect by any legislative body, though he couldn't speak for its religious qualifications. Mr. Green, who is the first colored man ever elected to the Ohio senate, is greatly pleased with this new favor.

The senate passed the following bill:

House bill, by Mr. Allen, to authorize Xenia to issue $8,000 in bonds for street improvements. A law.

House bill, by Mr. Laylin, to authorize township trustees to protect sidewalks in the same manner as in municipalities. A law.

House bill, by Mr. Clapp, requiring county commissioners to erect guard rails on all sides of all bridges and embankments of a dangerous height. A law.

House bill, by Mr. Ions, amending Section 6,61 by increasing the pay of jurors in justice courts from fifty cents to $1 per day. A law.

House bill, by Mr. Webb, supplementing Section 4022 so as to permit children living one and a half miles from the school house where they are apportioned to attend the nearest school. A law.

After considerable maneuvering the senate passed Griffin's bill to issue $200,000 bonds to pay debts incurred by natural gas trustees.

Senator Nichols' resolution to allow the world's fair director general, Hon. Daniel J. Ryan, the use of the senate committee room was adopted.

The house spent most of the day and the entire night session in considering local bills. Many were introduced and passed under suspension of the rules.

The Cincinnati water works bill is a law. It was officially signed by Speaker Laylin and President pro tem. Lampson yesterday afternoon. The Democratic senators withdrew their opposition because of an agreement with a faction of the Republicans that no Columbus ripper should be passed.

On Half Time.

EASTON, Pa., April 7.—Orders were received here from the Reading management shutting down the Lehigh Valley shops three days in each week. This puts 600 men on half time. The city is greatly excited over the affair.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

OHIO NEWS.

Dispatches Detailing Events at Different Places in the State.

DAYTON, O., April 7.—Paul Hamberger, a drug clerk, while left alone in the store of John N. Prass, experimented with some liquids, which he mixed in a large bottle. While shaking the bottle it exploded and Hamberger was enveloped in flames and dangerously burned. Dr. Williamson happened to be passing and, rushing in, saved the boy's life.

New Incorporations.

COLUMBUS, O., April 7.—The following articles of incorporation were filed in the office of the secretary of state yesterday: The Cabinet Loan and Building company, Cincinnati, increase of capital stock from $500,000 to $1,000,000; the Davis Chair company, Marysville, capital stock, $10,000; the Arion Mannerchor, Cincinnati; the Lotus Institute company, Youngstown, capital stock $5,000; the Creamer Scientific Penmanship company, Washington C. H., capital stock $1,000; the J. J. Snider Lumber company, Columbus, capital stock $75,000; the Baumont Milling company, Zanesville, capital stock $25,000.

Postoffice Burned.

ZANESVILLE, O., April 7.—The general store of Marshal McDonald, who is also postmaster at Keifer, a little town fourteen miles south of this city, was burned last night, it is supposed, by incendiaries. Mr. McDonald received anonymous letters last winter, threatening that if he made certain statements his store would be burned. He had just moved into a new building which he had erected. The loss is about $3,000, with $2,000 insurance.

Golden Eagle Officers.

SPRINGFIELD, O., April 7.—The result of the election of the Grand castle of Ohio, Knights of the Golden Eagle, is announced here as follows: Grand chief, Frank Costner, of Ironton; vice, J. M. Wilson, of Steubenville, priest, J. D. Codwallader, of Springfield; master of records, J. C. Stage, of Springfield; keeper of exchequer, C. E. Johnston, of the Sidney Herald.

To Jail Without Bail.

CLEVELAND, April 7.—Ralph K. Paige, the Painesville banker, was taken before Justice Hutchins yesterday and charged with embezzlement and forgery. He waived examination and was remanded to jail without bail.

SHOT HIS WIFE.

Murder in a St. Louis House of Ill-Repute.

ST. LOUIS, April 7.—About 11 o'clock last night [illegible] Griffin, twenty-six years old, was shot and fatally wounded by her husband, [illegible] F. Griffin, in a house [illegible] Chestnut street. Mrs. Griffin [illegible] come on Washington avenue [illegible] the evening in response to a note to meet a man at the house [illegible].

Her husband [illegible] her intention, and followed her. He found her in a room and accused her of being unfaithful. After some words he drew a revolver and fired, the bullet striking Mrs. Griffin in the back of the neck and lodging in the base of the skull. The couple were married in Buffalo seven years ago and came here last October. The husband is a commercial traveler in the employ of the Campbell Manufacturing company. He claims the man who sent the note to his wife is a gambler living in Buffalo, but refuses to give his name.

DOWN INTO THE GENESSEE.

A Woman and Five Men Rescued from the Falls.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 7.—The west span of the Clarissa street bridge across the Genessee river in this city fell yesterday, precipitating six persons into the river which is now at flood height, five men and one woman.

The work of rescue was accomplished with remarkable promptness; the poor unfortunates clinging to pieces of board, had reached a point in the river opposite Adams street and the roar of the waters rushing over the dam was already ringing in their ears before the last man was taken out of the water and safely landed in the boat. The men were conveyed to the city hospital and the woman, Mrs. Quigley, was hospitably cared for by a family on Edinburg street. She had apparently only suffered a slight bruise on the back of her right hand. Four persons were taken to the city hospital.

River Men's Strike Ended.

ST. LOUIS, April 7.—The strike of the river men is practically at an end. The Anchor line agreed to pay the advance in wages demanded, and, although the officials refused to sign a written agreement, the strikers accepted the offer and returned to work. On the other boats the strikers have secured the same concessions, and work is being resumed all along the levee.

Murderer Arrested.

ST. PAUL, April 7.—Charles Whalen, the confessed murderer of Gerald Spaulding, was arrested at St. James yesterday and lodged in jail here.

FIFTEEN TO ONE.

A Drunken Gang Attempt to Get Away with a Town Marshal.

NASHVILLE, April 7.—At Helenwood, close to the Kentucky line, a drunken gang of toughs who have long terrorized the town authorities, threatened to kill Sam Cowan, a candidate for town marshal, if he were elected last Saturday.

Cowan was elected, and early yesterday morning the gang of some fifteen men, loaded up with whisky, rode into the town with blood in their eyes. Cowan perceived their intent, and was on his guard.

Just before 10 o'clock the gang began shooting on Main street, when Cowan rushed out to stop them. He received a bullet through his shoulder and another through his ear.

In return he shot Bill Sykes, the leader, through the brain, killing him instantly, fatally wounded two others, and winged a boy. Cowan has not been arrested.

After the Grip

And after typhoid fever, diphtheria, pneumonia, or other prostrating diseases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired, and to expel all poison from the blood. It has had wonderful success in many such cases.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

CONSTIPATION

Is called the "Father of Diseases."
It is caused by a Torpid Liver,
and is generally accompanied with

LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
BAD BREATH, Etc.

To treat constipation successfully

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

It is a mild laxative and a tonic to the digestive organs. By taking Simmons Liver Regulator you promote digestion, bring on a regular habit of body and prevent Biliousness and Indigestion.

"My wife was sorely distressed with Constipation and coughing, followed with Bleeding Piles. After four months use of Simmons Liver Regulator she is almost entirely relieved, gaining strength and flesh."—W. B. Leeper, Delaware, Ohio.

Take only the Genuine,
Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of
J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

MARION WEEKLY STAR.

Price, $1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

BY W. G. HARDING.

SATURDAY, - - - APRIL 9

In a week more the new council will **be organized. There is much expected**

The legislature has a most appropri**ate plan for celebrating** Easter. It is **to adjourn on the Monday** following.

Another Charley Ross has been **found. Humor must be dull** when this **ancient joke is so frequently** thrust **into the telegraphic** columns of the **press.**

The time is at hand when Health **Officer Redd can** handsomely earn his **salary. Marion** needs a wonderful **cleaning up. There** should be an early **beginning.**

The need of a thorough cleaning up **can not be stated too strongly.** We are **aware that this is an ancient** admoni**tion that comes regularly** with spring, **but it is important.** Marion is a nice **city, but she is** dirty—very dirty **There are odors** to prove it.

That somewhat amusing incident **where a couple slick** thieves entered **a Dayton hotel** in the guise of jays and **robbed nearly every** guest and land**lord before morning,** is a reminder that **men are not** to be judged by their **clothes—except** when they refuse to **wear socks.**

According to Rev. Parkhurst's testi**mony in court he has** been seeing the **sights of the metropolis.** He swore to **buying and drinking** beer at a certain **house of ill-fame,** and told how five **nude girls danced** before him and his **friends. This reverend** gentleman has **hit upon a plan** to see things as the **"boys" do, to raise a** big muss and pos**sibly do good all at** the same time **But all men can** not be Parkhursts.

The more complete returns from **Rhode Island magnify** the Republican **victory. The result** is all that the **party of protection** could hope for. **There is no concealing** of the disap**pointment of the** Democracy. There **was the greatest** possible effort made **to carry it.** Rhode Island may be put **down as certain for protection,** despite **the distinguished** presence of Mr. **Cleveland and his** attitude for reform.

The feeling is very current that we **want as little street** repairs this spring **as will put the** streets in a passable **condition. There is** widespread objec**tion to any extensive** expenditures un**til they can be** made permanent. We **understand, of course,** that we cannot **have all streets** paved, but we can **pave the main ones** and put macadam **on the rest** in an endurable manner **We must learn how** to make the mod**ern macadamized** street.

Congressional candidates are spring**ing up over the state in** a profusion that **is annoying to the** fellows who had hop**ed for smooth** sailing. The additions **to the ranks of** avowed aspirants each **day make it** difficult to cast an eye on **any probable** walk overs. There is go**ing to be fun** in both of our neighboring **Republican** districts, the Eighth and **Fourteenth.** The latter was fixed up **for Speaker Laylin,** but he will have a **hustle that** isn't very full of promise

Big Four Wreck.

There was a slight wreck on the Big **Four here Friday** morning. A draw**bar on train 51, a** west-bound freight **due here at about** 6 o'clock, broke just **as the train** was passing the Central **school building.** A box car was de**railed and run for a** hundred yards or **more and then** was thrown in the **ditch. Another car** was derailed and **the rear trucks** broken. Train 81 was **sent back to** Galion to bring the wreck**ing crew** down, and it was several **hours before the** wreck was cleared **away. Train** 17, the morning west**bound passenger,** was delayed about an **hour, going around** the wreck via the **Erie track** from Marion to Marion **Junction.**

Dug Miller, a C., H. V. and T. switch**man, was on** the train on his way to **his work at** the Hocking yards and was **thrown from the** over-turned car. He **was taken** to Dr. Rhu, but his injuries **were not** serious, and consisted of a **few bad bruises** about the body.

Homœopathists Organize.

The homœopathic physicians of Ma**rion city and county** met Thursday aft**ernoon at the** office of Dr. Wiant. The **meeting was** called to order by Dr. **Harding, and** Dr. J. W. McMurray cho**sen to preside.** In appropriate remarks **the doctor said** the object of the meet**ing was to organize** a permanent so**ciety for the** promotion of the truths of **homœopathy as** taught by the sainted **Samuel Hahnaman.**

Dr. Seiter was chosen secretary, and **upon motion** by Dr. Wiant, Drs. Hard**ing, Adams and** McMurray were ap**pointed a committee** to draft a consti**tution and report at** next meeting.

After an informal talk on cases re**ported, an adjournment** was made to **meet on Thursday,** April 21, at the of**fice of Dr. Harding,** at 2 p. m. All **homœopathic physicians** are invited to **be present.**

Obituary.

Emma Smith was born Sept. 17th, 1866, in Chestnut Grove, Franklin county, Kansas, died March 23d, 1892, aged 25 years, 5 months and 6 days.

She was taken suddenly ill on the evening of Dec. 21, after returning from school in the best of health and spirits. She suffered intensely but patiently for thirteen long weeks, never for one moment believing but that she would recover. For several years past she has been successfully engaged in teaching school, being employed for the sixth term in the same district, which is evidence of her worth as a teacher. She was also engaged in the study of music, in which she had become quite proficient.

The only impatience expressed during her long and painful sickness was that her work must stop. Her death occurred on the day her school would have closed and her last rational moments were spent in talking of her pupils, whom she dearly loved.

For her life's fitful dream on earth is over, with its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its disappointments. She derived her being from nature, the bountiful mother of us all, and her body returns to earth's capacious bosom. She basked in life's sunshine for her allotted time, and has passed into the shadowy vale which separates this breathing world from the vast beyond. The beautiful rites of the "Secular Funeral Service," that she had often read and admired while living, was performed on the occasion of her funeral.

Her mind was untrameled by superstition. She ever believed death to be an everlasting sleep, the grave an endless place of rest. In the eden of her hope there crawled no serpent of eternal pain. Our duties and obligations to the living are, it is said, often seen clearest through the tears of bereavement. May it be so with us in this instance, and may the duties thus seen be faithfully and well performed. This is the last sad memorial that can be paid to Emma by her sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters.

SISTERS.

"The Fast Mail."

What promises to be the greatest attempt in the era of realism will be seen at Music Hall next Monday evening, in the melo-drama of Lincoln J. Carter's "Fast Mail." The play is famous throughout the country for the completeness and magnitude of its mechanical effects. The production is under the personal supervision of its author—Lincoln J. Carter. Special scenery is carried for the ten complete sets used in the play. In the second act a steamboat is shown with the boiler rooms and their intricate machinery and the glowing furnaces. The boat is blown up by a tremendous explosion, and the wreck is seen going down in mid river. The great railway scene is another of the unprecedented achievements of their performance in the direction of realism. A freight train of fourteen cars is run across the stage with an illuminated caboose and a practical locomotive. The fireman and engineer are seen at their respective stations, looks like reality itself. A mail train comes speeding by and catches the mail pouch just as every one has seen it do many time.

In the last act Niagara Falls are shown in all their natural beauty. A cataract of real water is put on the stage, and it boils and foams in the most natural way. The soft moonlight adds to the effect, and the scene needs only the addition of the suspension bridge to complete the effect of reality.

Real Estate Transfers.

George F. Rider to Amanda E. Millisor, ¼ acre in Marion corporation, $775.

I. Fite to Frances J. Pinyerd, ⅛ acre in Marion corporation, $500.

Mary Retterer to the Marion Board of Education, 1½ acre in Marion corporation, $1500.

W. C. Deming to Cynthia E. Moore, ¼ acre in Marion corporation, $1200.

A. H. Kling to Fred Cull, ¼ acre in Marion corporation, $500.

Evan Hughs to Chas. E. and David E. Kirts, 106⅞ acres in Prospect tp., $6,200.

Amelia Clay to Christopher M. Clay, 7¼ acres in Prospect tp., $675.

Englehart Lauer heirs to Frederic S Lauer, 12 acres in Prospect tp., $2520.

John Romoser to Christina Romoser, 20 acres in Prospect tp., $1000.

A. C. Edmondson, assignee, to Wm A Sager, 100 acres in Bowling Green tp., $5000.

J. W. Gaston to Nancy J. and E. S. Brown, lot 80 in LaRue, $1100.

Geo. W. Bright to Nellie Benner, lot 76 in LaRue, $400.

Victor Eager to Chas. Blow, 40 acres in Montgomery tp., $2200.

John Deal to H. E. Washburn, 58 acres in Salt Rock tp., $2500.

C. Campbell, by administrator to Benj. and Thos. George, 20 acres in Scott tp., $750

Probate Court.

Susan Almendinger, administratrix of the estate of David Almendinger, deceased, filed inventory and appraisement of personal property.

Charles E. Heinler appointed administrator of the estate of Charles E. Heinler, deceased.

Elizabeth Heinler, appointed guardian of the property of William F. Heinler.

Jacob Scott Neff, administrator of the estate of William D. Neff, deceased, filed an inventory and appraisement of personal property.

J. F. Wottring and S. J. Farnum, executors of the last will of Jacob J. Wottring, deceased, filed an inventory and appraisement of personal property.

Henry Behner filed an application to have the last will and testament of Andrew Almendinger, deceased, admitted to probate and record.

QUOTING SHAKESPEARE.

The Caledonia Correspondent Gives a Pointer to Kickers—The Local News.

CALEDONIA, April 8. Everything quiet over here since the election, and about the only thing we hear in regard to it is, "How was it done?" It was done, nevertheless, and we stand in exactly the same position we did before the battle of the ballots, and the fellows who found so much fault about the unnecessary outlay in the way of improvements will have to stand up and take their medicine like men, for they had it in their power to break the ring, but could not sever party ties for one moment to bring about the result, and now, in the matter of expensive legislation in regard to our thoroughly endorsed town council, in the language of Macbeth we say, "Lay on Macduff and damn'd be him who first cries 'Hold, enough.'"

Dave Batchelder, of Galion, was looking after his trade in this village Wednesday.

C. F. G[illegible], of Marion, and Miss Maggie Hipsher, of this village, will undertake to solve the problem, "Is Marriage a Failure?" by having the matrimonial knot tied at the Universalist church in this village on Thursday evening, April 14th. This information is obtained from cards announcing the same.

Mrs. James Irwin, of Iberia, O., is attending church services and visiting her son J. C. Irwin, at this place.

Will Baker arrived home from Boston in time to vote on Monday. He thinks the United States is well provided with people for he saw a few of them while he was away.

The Womans' Missionary society, conducted by Mrs. M. E. Andrews, of Hamilton, O., are in convention at the University church the present week.

Our street commissioner is perfectly happy over the result of the election, and wears a smile as broad as a prize ox at a fat cattle show.

Hon Underwood has disposed of his barber shop at Prospect, and returned to his first love and will assist his brother Gabe in the tonsorial business in this place.

There are several candidates mentioned for member of school board to be elected next Monday and it is astonishing what a ravenous appetite our citizens generally are developing for office.

Herk Simpsell, a former resident of this place, now of Delaware, is visiting relatives and friends in this locality.

Loren Frey returned from Delaware, Monday, having finished a course in Commercial college in that place.

Not much of a walk-over in the contest for mayor of our village at Monday's election where, with a Democratic majority in the corporation of 21, the successful candidate comes out with a majority of one on the Democratic ticket. Rather close for comfort.

Miss Bertha Dodge, our assistant P. M., returned on Tuesday from a two weeks' visit with friends and relatives in Marion.

The Croy Sisters' entertainment in Ludwig's opera house on last Saturday evening, was not a howling success in any particular. A fair-sized audience, and an entertainment below the average of such troupes.

About twenty members of Colanthe lodge, K. of P., of this place, attended the exercises at Galion on Tuesday evening, when Iberia lodge, K. of P., with 30 charter members was instituted at that place. It was an occasion that we will all remember with pleasure.

Mrs. Wm. Rowse and daughter Carrie, of Bucyrus, are visiting with C. H. Rowse and family at their residence on Main street.

A beautiful sign in black and gold swings from a post in front of C. W. Douce & Co's drug store, and reads, "M. F. Douce, Veterinary Surgeon." If you ever feel an attack of the colic coming on Mr. Editor, just come over; Frank will give you a dose that will straighten you up in great shape.

More anon. MAX.

LARUE LETTER

Election Echoes Mingled With Local and Personal Notes.

LARUE, April 8.—Election is over and no body hurt as far as can be learned.

John Bell is heavy, but he runs well when time to elect a marshal comes around.

J. L. McGuire visited our public schools Monday last.

The people of the C. E. society who went to Marion last Saturday night report a fine time and speak very highly of the treatment they received.

Joe Dugan, the night operator, has been removed to Marion. Joe is a good fellow, and the girls, or girl, hope he will come back to this office again.

Miles Longshore and Thorat Wasson ran out of sight for school board. They were not scared either.

The wily book vender is here. One of them, a general agent, made a county agent of one of our teachers this week.

Rev. Dudley will begin a protracted meeting in the Baptist church next Sunday.

The funeral of Miss Nettie Struthers, on Sunday, was attended by a large crowd of people. She had many friends who mourn her early departure.

Quite a number of the K. of P. boys were at Galion Tuesday, to be present at the instituting of a lodge in that city.

Mrs. Lila Whetstone, of Waynesfield, O., is spending a few days among friends in LaRue and vicinity.

Billy Gaston and Ed Brown exchanged houses this week.

Geo. DeLauder will go into the National next Monday. He has spared no expense and will no doubt make glad the hearts of the traveling public.

The following corporation ticket was elected: A. Amarine, mayor, Miles Longshore, clerk, Billy Gaston, treasurer, Ed Lange, C. Alinger and John Tooms, council. Ezra Anderson was elected trustee and John Henkle clerk of the township. Some of these are Democrats and some Republicans, but all are now the servants of the people.

The "Deestrick Skule" to be given April 21st in Opera Hall will certainly be a very enjoyable affair. Many of our best citizens are in the classes and the "Skule" will be funny.

Prof. Dutton had a week's vacation so he could have the "grip." The streets of Agosta became too dull for him last Friday so he run over to LaRue to shake hands with the boys.

Squire Jones and his son, Alf, went to Chicago a few days since and bought several car loads of cattle, brought them home to turn out on pasture. O. N.

Is Life Worth Living

depends on the liver. If suffering with indigestion, or troubled with malaria, that tired, wornout feeling, you will consider life worth very little. But when relieved of these by taking Simmons Liver Regulator you will count life a blessing and keep the regulator on hand for any sudden attack of biliousness and sick headache. An active liver makes life a delight. Don't forget the regulator with the red Z.

GREEN CAMP GOSSIP

The Municipal Result—Deaths of Two Pioneers—Personal Pointers.

GREEN CAMP, April 8.—Election passed of quietly with a light vote. The Republicans elected trustee, clerk and assessor, and the Democrats justice of the peace and constable in the township. The Republicans elected clerk, marshal and three councilmen, and the Democrats secured street commissioner, treasurer and mayor, and everybody seems satisfied.

J. J. Black will be on hand with plenty of garden truck, as he has a fine lot under cultivation. When you want anything in his line give him a call.

W. F. Johnston has moved back into town again and is going to open up a hardware store in the postoffice building. The other stores will invoice their stock to him.

Rev. Gow and family moved into their residence last Wednesday from their former home in Broadway.

Lanius Bros. are having their store room painted, which adds greatly to its appearance.

Moore & Knichle shipped thirty-five cases of eggs to New York last Tuesday. These were all brought into the store as they do not run a wagon. Who can beat this?

The women have dropped their favorite weapon, the broom, and with sunbonnets on their heads and rakes in hand are making war upon the dirt which has accumulated this winter

Isaac Kirts, of Illinois, was attending the funeral of his brother, William Kirts, last Monday. He also called upon a few of his old friends

Wm. Kirts, one of the old pioneers of this county, passed away last Saturday, after a sickness of two months, aged 61 years. Obituary next week.

Mrs. Ann Williams, of Union county, passed away last Friday, aged 51 years and 15 days. She was in poor health for a good many years, and was also one of the old residents of this county, but of late years lived in Union county. Rev. Gow preached both funerals.

Perry Uncapher visited at Green Camp last Monday with relatives and friends.

Paper hanging, painting and plastering is the order of the day in Green Camp.

Mrs. Viola Shaw was taken with a stroke of paralysis last Wednesday morning and for a time was in a critical condition. Up to the present time she is some better.

Daniel Stayner, who has been living in Prospect, has moved back to Green Camp again.

Last Friday evening the Croy Sisters gave their entertainment at the M. E. church and the performance was just suited for April 1st. The whistling part was all right except one thing, the lady who was to do the whistling left her pucker at home.

After the election those who were elected treated the boys to a good SMOKE.

ALL AROUND DECLIFF.

What the People Are Doing and What Joe Spikes Sees to Write.

DECLIFF, April 7—C. W. Butram has bought the Petty property of J. J. Mohr.

Alex McCormack has bought the shop property of D. H. Clifton, and moved to town Monday.

C. C. Reynolds, assistant superintendent, and O. F. Gross, train master of the C. and E., were in town Wednesday, inspecting.

The result of the election in Montgomery township is Republican beyond a doubt.

The Rush ditch is a go. At least we so by notice it was sold Wednesday, 6th

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mohr were at Marion Tuesday and Wednesday shopping.

The writer was at Lima Friday. The street cars in that town still run, but we got off the track twice going to the depot.

We met Mr. Enos Baldwin, Friday, on his way to Marion. Enos has headquarters at Ft. Wayne, Ind., now, as well as at Kenton.

The writer has been appointed editor of the DeCliff Literary paper, the Bugle. It is non-partisan. No wood taken on subscription.

Attorney Burt Johnson, of Agosta, was in town Saturday looking up his political fences. The counting of the votes Monday made him all right.

The Republicans of Montgomery township elected the trustee, clerk and two assessors Monday, which is a pretty good showing.

His honor, L. H. DeLauder, was reelected mayor of Agosta for the 16th time, more or less. He certainly is easy on the boys

Mrs. Sallie Parker and Mrs. Lizzie Wilder, of Williamsfield, Ill., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Link Morral.

The Deal neighborhood wants a new school district and a new school house of course, and should have it. Their petition is numerously signed.

Misses Birdie and Lizzie Davison, of Marion, daughters of Geo. W. Davison, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. David Morral.

The proposed change in the ditch law by the legislature has caused a very lively stimulus in locating new ditches throughout the county, and the county engineers are kept busy.

It is quite liberally circulated that J. H. Bain, son of Senator Bain, and Miss Birdie Mears, the accomplished daughter of Geo. Mears, north of DeCliff, were married Tuesday evening.

Mr. Amerine was elected mayor of LaRue, notwithstanding one opposing candidate announced he would serve without salary. Mr. Amerine occupied that important office for LaRue before and it is said made the best one the little city ever had.

Resolved, that "A Man is the Architect of his Own Fortune," is the question Friday night next at the debating club. Birch, Clements, Cory and Miller debaters. Everybody invited. JOE SPIKES.

A Practical Illustration.

"John," she said gently, "you are interested in temperance movements, are you not?"

"Of course I am," he answered.

"Well, suppose you go and make a few of them with the pump handle. I need a pail of water right away."—Washington Star.

World's Fair Officers Changed.

CHICAGO, April 8.—William T. Baker, president, and Major Butterworth, secretary and solicitor general of the world's fair, will be retired at today's election. H. N. Higginbotham has been agreed upon as the future president of the board.

The Eighth Victim.

ASHLAND, Pa., April 8.—A descending train of cars on the Garden Plane yesterday struck and ground to pieces beneath the wheels, Louis Kuntz, a pulley repairman. This is the eighth man that has lost his life on this plane.

ADMIRAL DAHLGREN'S WIDOW.

She Lives in Washington and Devotes Much Time to Literature.

The widow of the late Admiral Dahlgren is a prominent leader in the courtliest circles of society in our national capital. She lives in an elegant mansion on Massachusetts avenue, at the corner of Fourteenth street, the avenue and street being intersected by M street, just at the back of Mrs. Dahlgren's handsome residence.

The receptions and dinners of Mrs. Dahlgren are among the most delightful of the many charming society functions of this city of representative American life and manners. Thirty years ago Mrs. Dahlgren, then Miss Madeline Vinton, the daughter of Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio, was married at an early age to Daniel Convers Goddard, of Zanesville. Mr. Goddard died in about three years after their marriage, leaving his youthful widow the mother of two children. In 1865 Mrs. Goddard became the wife of Admiral Dahlgren. She is still a rarely attractive woman. Her blue eyes are as bright as ever, but her brown tresses are now silvered. She spends the greater part of her time in her house in Massachusetts avenue, but her country home is at South Mountain, Md.

It was at South Mountain that her daughter, Miss Ulrica Dahlgren, was married to Mr. Pierce, of Boston. An older daughter, it will be remembered by society people, was married some years ago to a German baron. Mr. Ulric Dahlgren, the twin brother of Miss Ulrica, was the happy man who led to the altar Miss Lucy Drexel, of Philadelphia; his half brother, John Vinton Goddard, marrying Miss Bessie Drexel, the sister of Miss Lucy.

Mrs. Dahlgren adds to her accomplishments as a society leader a taste for the best literature. She is a well read woman of remarkable judgment and a linguist of rare attainments. She has translated from the French Montalembert's "Pius IX" and De Chambrun's "Executive Power," and from the Spanish Donoso Cortes' "Catholicism, Liberalism and Socialism." Among her other works are "The Memoirs of John A. Dahlgren," "Thoughts on Female Suffrage," "South Sea Sketches," "Etiquette of Social Life in Washington," "South Mountain Magic" and "A Winter in Washington."

Mrs. Dahlgren was so highly appreciated by the late President Garfield that he wrote the preface of one of her books—"Pius IX."

She is a most affable woman. Her conversation, without being pedantic shows the culture of her mind by the rich stream of literature that has flowed over it. She does not visit at all, but she receives her many friends with the stately grace and courteous graciousness of an European duchess.

BELLE BELAIR.

THE FASHIONS OF PARIS.

The Spring Bonnets and Hats—Wraps to Suit All Tastes.

It is nearly impossible to find words bright and crisp enough to describe the beauties of the spring bonnets and hats. They are small, but perfect, and covered with the loveliest of spring blossoms. Violets which look as if newly plucked, with the dew still sparkling upon them, brittle looking cowslips and modest forgetmenots and yellow crocus and jonquils, all are seen, and they are used so deftly that nature herself might be deceived.

Lace and chiffon, gauze and openwork straw will be the preferred materials on which the flowers are laid. A very few have wings and curling tips, and others have a mixture of lace and the metallic and nacre gauze ribbons. These come in stripes, with moire effects, and in stiff metal gauze in stripes of silver and copper, or gold and copper, or gold and silver. Two or at most three loops of this are enough.

BONNETS AND WRAPS

The plateau and capote shapes are the prettiest, but there is a wide choice, for some hats are very large brimmed, faced with smoothly drawn surah, and sometimes velvet, and covered on the crown with feathers or flowers. There was one beautiful creation of black lace straw, plateau shape, covered with blue violets and a very few leaves, laid on as if growing there. Black lace with white anemones and white chrysanthemums make elegant bonnets, and others again are made of simple meshes of iridescent beads with perhaps one large chrysanthemum or solitary rose. Capotes are perhaps the favorite small bonnet. Jet and lace for matrons will prevail.

The ugly English three quarter jacket, seamless and shapeless, is seen on the streets here, where its superlative ugliness attracts all eyes, but the better class of ladies will prefer something like the wrap I offer a picture of. It is of black corded silk, lined with chameleon silk and trimmed with a rich passementerie and velvet applique pattern. The back and front are half fitted under the plaits, to which the shoulders are fastened. The form is graceful and elegant. Some of this style have the middle piece of velvet embroidered or beaded. They are sometimes seen in cloth in colors, but more often black

Some of the methods recently recommended for managing husbands remind one of a farmer's efforts to coax a pig into a wagon backward unbeknownst to him.

Carried a Barn on His Back.

Matthew La Page, of Woodhaven, had a small barn he wished to move to another site. He told Cyrus E. Smith, superintendent of the Woodhaven public schools, of his plans, and explained that it would cost him considerable to put the building on a new foundation. Smith laughingly offered to move the barn for nothing. La Page ridiculed the idea, when Smith asked to be shown the spot to which the building was to be carried. Upon learning this he visited the barn, which is a shell weighing about 500 pounds. He rigged a number of ropes so that he could take the weight across his shoulders. Harnessed in this fashion, the man of muscle lifted the barn with ease, carried it twenty-five feet and set it easily on the new foundation.—New York World.

Lincoln's Assassination Recalled.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 8.—Captain Rath, who hanged Mrs. Surratt and the other Lincoln conspirators in Washington, was suddenly bereft of reason Tuesday night on the run to Jackson with the mail train. He has been mail agent for twenty years between here and Jackson, and made the latter place his headquarters. Tuesday night it was noticed he did not throw the mail off, and an investigation found him in the car surrounded by the bags staring wildly at vacancy. He was provost of Washington at the close of the war, and retained a vivid recollection of the hanging of the conspirators.

Floods in the South.

ANNISTON, Ala., April 8.—The heavy rains of the past [illegible] have caused [illegible] in this vicinity. All trains on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad have been abandoned on account of the washing out of a bridge between Rome and this city. At Rome, Ga., the water in the streets is so high that merchants were compelled to remove their goods to the upper floors of the stores. The Coosa river is on a rampage and rising at the rate of a foot an hour.

A [illegible]

A teacher of natural philosophy once asked the brightest boy of the class how many kinds of force there were and was astonished to receive the following reply "Three, ma'am. Mental force, physical force and police force."—Pharmaceutical Era.

Rev. James P. Stone

of Lower Cabot, Vt., formerly of Dalton, N. H.

A Faithful Pastor

Is held in high esteem by his people, and his opinion upon temporal as well as spiritual matters is valued greatly. The following is from a clergyman long influential in New England, now spending well earned rest in Cabot, Vt.:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in our family for many years past, with **great benefit.** We have, with confidence, recommended it to others for their various ailments, almost all of whom have certified to great benefit by its use. We can

Honestly and Cheerfully

recommend it as the **best blood purifier** we have ever tried. We have used others, but none with the beneficial effects of Hood's. Also, we deem Hood's Pills and Olive Ointment **invaluable.** Mrs. Stone says she cannot do without them." REV. J. P. STONE.

Better than Gold

Mr. Geo. T. Clapp, of Eastondale, Mass., says: "I am 82 years of age, and for 30 years have suffered with running sores on one of my legs. A few years ago I had two toes amputated, physicians saying I was suffering from gangrene and had but

A Short Time to Live

Eight months ago as a neighbor urged me, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The whole lower part of my leg and foot was a running sore, but it has almost completely healed and I can truthfully say that I am **in better health** than I have been for many years. I have taken no other medicine and consider that I owe all my improvement to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It is better than gold." "I **cheerfully verify** the above statement of Mr. Clapp, whom I have known 30 years." J. M. HOWARD, Druggist, Eastondale, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars.

DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS. ATLANTA, GA.

School Examinations.

THE School Examiners of Marion County, Ohio, will meet for the examination of teachers [illegible] April 9th.

[illegible]

LEWIS BANK,
R. G. YOUNG,
U. K. GUTHERY, } Examiners

SHERIFF'S SALE.

Amos H. Kling vs. George T. Harding et al. } In the Court of Common Pleas, Marion County, Ohio.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Marion county, Ohio, and to me directed and delivered in the above-named case, I will offer for sale at public auction, at the door of the Court House in said county, Ohio, on

SATURDAY, MAY 14, A.D. 1892,

at the hour of two o'clock p.m. of said day, the following real estate, situate in the village of Marion since the extension of the corporate line, county of Marion and state of Ohio, to-wit: Known as being part of the southeast part of the west half of the southwest quarter of section 15, township 5, south range 15 east, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the east line of said west half of said southwest quarter of said section 15, 211 and 10-100 feet north of the southeast corner thereof; thence north along said east line of said west half of said southwest ¼ of said section 15, 108 feet; thence west on a line parallel with the south line of said section 111 feet to the center of East street as the same is extended and platted in Jacob Blaich's addition of out lots to Marion, Ohio, to a point in the center of said East street 271 10-100 feet north of the south line of the aforesaid section; thence south along the center of said East street 180 feet to a point 211 10-100 feet north of the south line of the said section; thence to the place of beginning, excepting however therefrom 10 feet off of the north side, which is used for public road purposes, containing 1⅛ acres, more or less.

Also, lots Nos. 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994 and 1995, in Harding's third addition to the village of Marion, Ohio. See record of plats in Recorder's office, Marion county, Ohio.

Also, part of the southeast quarter of the west half of the southwest quarter of section 15, township 5, south range 15 east, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point in the east line of said west half of said southwest quarter of said section 15, 55 and 10-100 feet north of the south line of said section 15, said point being the northeast corner of said Harding's said third addition as aforesaid; thence north along said east line of said west half of said S. W. ¼ of said section 15, 57 feet to the southeast corner of a tract of land conveyed by A. H. Kling to George G. Ross, by deed dated July 20, 1878, and recorded in records of deeds Marion county, Ohio, vol. 47, page [illegible]; thence west on the south line of said tract 148 and 5-100 feet to the center of East street extended as aforesaid; thence south along the center of said East street 62 feet to the northwest corner of said Harding's said third addition; thence east to the place of beginning, containing ⅝ of an acre, more or less.

Also, the following tract in said village, county and state and being part of the north half of the south half of the north half of the east half of the southwest quarter of said section 15, township and range aforesaid: Beginning at a point in the north line of said north half of said south half of said east half of said S. W. ¼ of said section forty-four rods west of the northeast corner thereof; thence south parallel with the east line thereof 20 rods to the south line of said tract; thence west on said south line 24 rods; thence north parallel with said east line 20 rods to the north line thereof; thence east on said north line 24 rods to the place of beginning, excepting 25 feet off of the north side thereof which is reserved for public road purposes; excepting, also, 16 and ½ feet off of the west side of said tract for alley purposes, containing 3 acres, more or less.

The first tract herein described has been platted as Harding's third addition to the village of Marion, Ohio, and lots thereof numbered 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001 respectively, lots 1996, 1998 are excepted from the conditions of this mortgage.

Three acre tract appraised at $600.
Five-eighths acre tract appraised at $400.
Lot No. 1989 appraised at $250.
Lot No. 1990 appraised at $250.
Lot No. 1991 appraised at $180.
Lot No. 1992 appraised at $180.
Lot No. 1993 appraised at $180.
Lot No. 1994 appraised at $180.
Lot No. 1995 appraised at $280.
Lot No. 2001 appraised at $250.
Lot No. 2000 appraised at $200.
Lot No. 1999 appraised at $100.
Lot No. 1997 appraised at $100.

TERMS OF SALE—Cash on day of sale.

Dated at Marion, Ohio, this 9th day of April, A. D. 1892.

S. H. RICE,
Sheriff Marion county, Ohio.

McNeal & Wolford, plaintiff's attorneys.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

IN the probate court of Marion county, Ohio, Charles C. Fisher, assignee in trust for the benefit of the creditors of Martha E. Wright, plaintiff,

against

Martha E. Wright and others, defendants.

By virtue of an order of sale issued in the above-entitled case by the probate court of Marion county, Ohio, and to me directed, I will offer for sale at public auction, at the West door of the court house, in Marion, Ohio, on

SATURDAY, MAY 7TH, 1892,

at 2 o'clock p.m., the following described real estate, situated in the city of Marion, county of Marion and state of Ohio, to-wit: A part of the southeast quarter of section twenty-eight (28), township five (5) south, range fifteen (15) east, bounded as follows, viz: Beginning at a point in the center of the Marion and Berwick free turnpike (now Bellefontaine avenue) 5.11 chains westward of the intersection of said road with the east and west half section line of said section 28, thence along the center of said road S. [illegible] deg. W. 6.78 chains to a point 11 links westward of the northeast corner of Isaac Uncapher's lot; thence parallel with, and 11 links east of, the east line of said lot, S. 10 deg. E. 10.29 chains to the north side of a fence; thence along the north line of said fence S. 89 deg. E. 8.08 chains to a stake; thence N. 5¾ deg. W. 18.30 chains to the beginning, containing just 8 acres of land.

APPRAISED AT $13,000.

TERMS OF SALE—One third cash on day of sale, one third in one year and the balance in two years from sale—deferred payments to draw interest from day of sale at the rate of six per cent. per annum, and to be secured by mortgage on the premises. This property will be sold free of dower of George H. Wright and free of homestead.

April 8, 1892. CHARLES C. FISHER,
5865 Assignee of Martha E. Wright.

Notice of Application to Vacate Certain Alleys.

To whom it may concern:

Notice is hereby given that we have filed a petition with the City Council of the city of Marion, Marion county, Ohio, praying the vacation of the following described alleys in said city, to-wit:

An alley 16½ feet in width, running westward from Ballantine avenue, between lots 650, 651, 652, 653 and 654, in Starr's addition to Marion, O.

An alley 16½ feet in width, running in a southerly direction between lots 647, 648, 649 and 650, in Starr's said addition to Marion, Ohio, and lots 1116, 1117, 1118 and 1119, in Habermann's first addition to Marion, Ohio.

An alley 12 feet in width, running north and south and lying immediately west of lots 1111, 1112, 1113, 1114 and 1115, in said Habermann's first addition to Marion, Ohio.

The said petition will be for hearing at the first meeting of the said Council after six weeks after the first publication of this notice, which first publication is made on the 8th day of April, A.D. 1892.

EDWARD HUBER,
THE HUBER MAN'F'G CO.,
by E. Huber, president, } Petitioners.

LEGAL NOTICE.

JOSHUA WHIPPS will take notice that Catharine Whipps on the 21st day of March, 1892, filed in the Clerk's office of the Court of Common Pleas of Marion County, Ohio and where the same is now pending a petition against the said Joshua Whipps, charging him with wilful absence from her for more than three years last past and praying that she may be divorced from him. He is required to answer said petition on or before the 21st day of May, 1892, or a decree will be taken accordingly.

JOHNSTON & YOUNG,
Attorneys for Catharine Whipps.

Marion, Ohio, March 21, 1892.

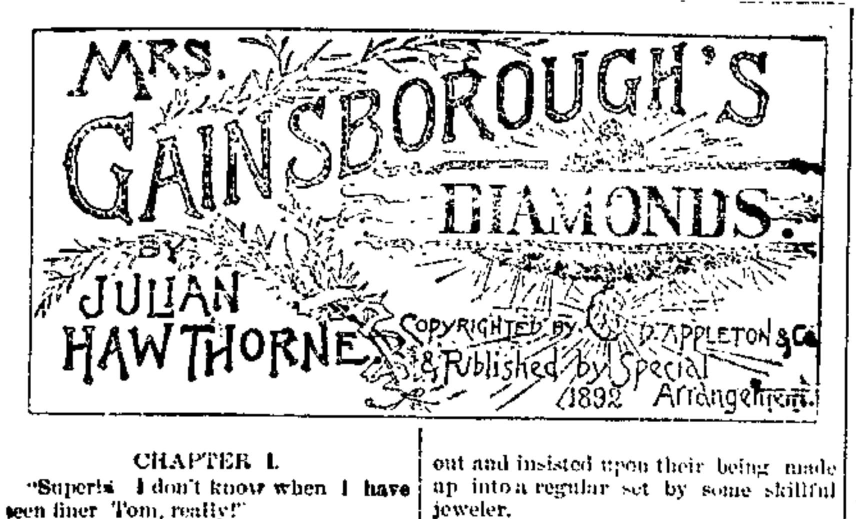
NOTICE OF APPOINTMENT.

Estate of Naomi Smith, deceased.

The undersigned has been appointed and qualified as administrator of the estate of Naomi Smith, late of Marion county, deceased.

Dated this 18th day of March, A. D. 1892.

GEORGE LAWRENCE.


MRS. GAINSBOROUGH'S DIAMONDS
BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE
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CHAPTER I.

"Superb. I don't know when I have seen finer Tom, really!"

"Ah!" said Tom, complacently handling his left whisker. "And," he added, after a moment or two—"and thereby hangs a tale!"

It was after dinner—after one of Tom Gainsborough's snug, inimitable little dinners, only we three—Tom, his wife and myself, and a couple of negro attendants, as well trained and less overpowering than the best of the native English stock: and that charming dining room, just big enough, just cool enough, soft carpeted, clear walled, and the steady, white radiance of the Argand burners descending upon the damask tablecloth, crowned with fruits and flowers, and an agreeable shadow over the rest of the room, so that those sable servitors could perform their noiseless evolutions unseen, and a pervading sense of unconscious good breeding and unobtrusive wealth, and—but I will not speak of the china, I will not descant upon Tom's wines. I don't wish to make

"And thereby hangs a tale."

other people envious. Only it was all inexpressibly good, from fascinating Mrs Gainsborough and her diamonds, down

I felt a peculiar interest in Mrs Gainsborough, because, in addition to her other attractions, she was a countrywoman of mine—that is to say, an American. She was a brunette, slender, graceful, with a weird expression of the eyes under straight, black eyebrows, an expression which somehow suggested mesmerism—or, perhaps, a liability on her part to be mesmerized, faultless throat and shoulders, and hands and wrists that she could talk with, almost. Where had Tom found her? I never had thought of asking him, she was a Virginian, very likely—an "F. F. V."—and they had doubtless met upon the Continent. This was the first occasion on which I had seen her in her diamonds. Indeed, Tom and she had only been married a year or two, and had been settled in that bijou residence of theirs scarcely six months, and this was but my third or fourth dinner there. Well, her diamonds became her, and she them, they somehow matched that weird light in her eyes, and I told Tom as much when, after dinner, she withdrew and left us over our wine

"And thereby hangs a tale," repeated he, thoughtfully reaching his hand toward the decanter and filling my glass and his own

Now it seemed to me entirely in accordance with young Mrs. Gainsborough's "style" that there should have been something odd and romantic in the circumstances of her first acquaintance with Tom and that diamonds should be mixed up with it. Therefore I was more than willing to give ear to the strange story which he proceeded to relate to me. Imagine the servants dismissed, a fresh lump of coal in the grate, the decanter between us and our legs and elbows disposed in the most comfortable manner possible. Then this is the story

CHAPTER II.

"These are all Indian stones," was Birchmore's first remark.

The diamonds, you must know, have been ever so long in our family. It is said they were brought from India in the time of Marco Polo by an ancestor of mine. But that is neither here nor there, and sure enough, they were only put into their present shape quite recently. I can remember when half of them were uncut, or cut in some barbarous oriental manner, picturesque enough but not fashionable. And some were mounted as nose rings, some as clasps, some in the hilts of daggers and in all sorts of other ways. When I was a child I was sometimes allowed to play with some of the loose ones as a treat, until at last I contrived to lose one of the biggest. You may not believe it but the governor actually horsed me and gave me a birching, and the diamonds were locked up from that day. It was only a few years ago that my dear mother, now no more, got them out and insisted upon their being made up into a regular set by some skillful jeweler.

We were thinking of going to Rome at the time to spend six or eight months, and the first idea was to give the job to Castellani. But then it appeared that my mother had got her eye fixed upon a certain man in Paris, who she had been told was the first lapidary in Europe. He, and none but he, should set our diamonds. You know my mother generally had her way, and she had it in this case. The fellow certainly did understand his business; his work was well done, as you may have noticed this evening. A queer, pale, nervous little chap he was: not a Frenchman at all but a Saxon born in Dresden, I believe, or some village in that neighborhood. His name was Rudolph—Heinrich Rudolph. He lived and worked in a little dark shop in the Latin quarter.

He and I became quite intimate. You see, I had been commissioned to attend to this diamond business and to remain in Paris until it was done. I was to watch it through all its stages, and be sure that my mother's directions regarding the style of the setting were accurately followed. When all was finished I was to pay the bill and bring the diamonds on to Rome, where the family would by that time be established. Well I was a young fellow, just feeling my oats, and probably I was not much cast down at the prospect of spending a month or two alone in Paris, as you might suppose. But I doubt whether I should have attended to my ostensible business so faithfully as I actually did had I not been so greatly taken with my little friend Rudolph. He and I "twigged" one another, as boys say, from the first. I used to sit and watch him work for hours at a time and as he worked he would talk, and very queer captivating talk a good deal of it was. He was a thorough artist and enthusiast, and seemed to care for nothing outside of his profession. He did not appear to me to be in the way of making much money and it occurred to me that it might be acceptable were I, in an unobtrusive way, to introduce him to some wealthy customers. I knew few people in Paris, but there was a Mr Birchmore, an American gentleman, staying at my hotel, with whom I had foregathered over a cup of coffee and a cigar once or twice; he was a handsome, middle aged man, with an atmosphere of refined affluence about him such as would have befitted a duke. Not a bit like your traditional Yankee, in fact, I'm not sure that I should have suspected him if I hadn't seen his address—"Fifth avenue New York city, U. S. A."—in the hotel register about a week after my arrival. He was an agreeable man enough, though not at all the sort to take liberties with, however, I made up my mind that I would get him to Rudolph's on the first pretext that offered.

Well, I had an excellent pretext before long. Mr. Birchmore came into the cafe one afternoon, with rather an annoyed look, and made some inquiries of the waiter. Francois raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders: there was some further conference, and then he and Mr. Birchmore began searching about the floor of the room. It presently transpired that he had lost a diamond out of his ring, which had contained three matched brilliants. It was nowhere to be found.

"I don't mind the loss of the stone itself," said Mr. Birchmore at last, sitting down near my table; "but it's one of a set matched with great difficulty, and I'm afraid I may never replace it."

Here was my opportunity. I set forth the wisdom, skill and resources of my little Saxon friend in glowing colors, mentioned the work he was doing for me, and declared that if any man in Europe could help Mr. Birchmore to repair his loss, Rudolph was he. Mr. Birchmore at first paid little heed to my representations, but finally I induced him to accompany me to the Latin quarter, and at least make the attempt. The next morning, accordingly, we set forth, and as we sauntered along the wide, pleasant boulevards our conversation became more free and affable than it had been hitherto. I found my companion could be exceedingly entertaining when he chose it, and had a vast fund of experience and adventure to draw upon. He had been almost everywhere; he had made himself familiar with all varieties of civilized and uncivilized men, as a matter of course, too he was a versatile linguist.

The only direction in which he gave any evidence of comparative deficiency was in that of literature and the fine arts. His life had been essentially an active one; he cared little for Tennyson and Swinburne, for Matthew Arnold and Carlyle. He had, however, read and appreciated "Macbeth," and some other of Shakespeare's plays, and he was well acquainted with several of the romances of "Unabashed Defoe." I did not discover all this in the course of that one stroll over to the Latin quarter, but it leaked out during our [illegible] acquaintance, which was [illegible] to become more intimate and [illegible] than I had any idea of then. As I [illegible] intimated, Mr. Birchmore was [illegible] frank and open in his talk except on one topic—himself.

Of his inner life and [illegible] I could learn nothing. Though he [illegible] was obtusely reticent, yet he contrived never to refer to his own private affairs. I could not satisfy my[illegible] whether he were married or sing[illegible] whether he were a Catholic or atheist—hardly whether he were rich or poor. Some shadow of grief, some incubus of fear or calamity seemed to overwhelm him and impose silence. The most I could do was to draw inferences, and my inference was that he was a bachelor, a millionaire, a skeptic and a man who at some period of his life had committed, either deliberately or by force of circumstances, a terrible crime! You will see presently how far my estimate was from the truth, or how near to it.

However, I am anticipating, as it is. We arrived in due time at Rudolph's little shop and I introduced him to Birchmore. I had previously told the latter about my diamonds and now I made Rudolph produce them. The man of the world examined the gems with evident interest and with a knowledge of their value and qualities which surprised me and caused the little jeweler to eye my friend with a keenness that I took to indicate jealousy.

"These are all Indian stones," was Birchmore's first remark. "There is not an American among them—or, stay! What is this: neither an American nor an Indian! An African, I declare, and one of the finest I have seen!"

"Der Herr hat Recht!" muttered Rudolph, with a glance at me. "Er versteht ja alles."

"You know German? He says what you don't know about diamonds isn't worth knowing," I put in. Birchmore nodded with a half smile.

"I ought to know something about precious stones," he said. "I spent three years in a diamond mine for one thing." He seemed on the point of saying more, but checked himself, and went on scrutinizing the stones, most of which were already in their new setting. "A costly parure, that," he remarked at length. "It wouldn't sell for a penny under thirty thousand pounds."

"Five hundred and eighty-five thousand francs, with the setting," replied Rudolph, to whom the words had been addressed. "Monsieur's estimate would have been correct but that this stone here is a little off color and this one has a slight flaw, which is now in part concealed by the setting."

"You travel under proper precautions, I trust?" said Birchmore after a pause, turning gravely to me. "I know the confidence you young fellows have in your courage and cleverness, but a dozen or a score of thieves might conspire together for such a prize as this, and against their skill and address no single man would stand a chance. Ah! I know something of it. I was robbed once."

"Do tell me about it," I exclaimed, with an impulsive betrayal of interest that made me smile the next moment.

"Another time," said he, shaking his head; and presently he added, "You will pardon me for presuming to counsel you?"

"My dear sir, I am much obliged to you. My idea is that the simplest precautions are the best. I shall carry the stones in an inner pocket and I shall go armed. No one will suspect me, and if I am attacked I shall make a good defense at all events."

Mr. Birchmore said nothing more, and indeed seemed scarcely to listen to my remarks. I now suggested to him that he might show Rudolph his ring. He put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and gave a half suppressed ejaculation of disappointment and annoyance. He had left the ring at home!

"No matter; I will call to-morrow, Herr Rudolph," he observed. "I've no doubt I shall find what I want here, if anywhere. Good morning—that is, if you are ready, Mr. Gainsborough? By the way, Rudolph, I suppose you put your treasures in a safe at night?"

"Oh, by all means, Herr," replied the little Saxon. "And I have a watchman also, who guards all night long."

"A prudent fellow; yes, that will do," murmured Mr. Birchmore in an under tone to himself. Then, with a parting nod and smile, to which the jeweler did not respond, he sauntered out, I following him. We walked back to the hotel. I did not see him again until after dinner, when he offered me a cigar, and when we had smoked together awhile in silence he said abruptly:

"I've found that stone."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"The diamond out of my ring. In my trousers pocket, of all places in the world! Fell out while I was groping for my keys, I suppose. Sorry to have raised false hopes in your friend Rudolph. By the way, he'll have finished that job of yours before very long."

"In about a week, I fancy. I shall be sorry to leave Paris."

"Yes? Well, it is a nice place; but one gets tired of the nicest places in time. I do. I like to be moving."

"I shall have a month to spend on my way to Rome. This is almost my first experience of the Continent. I wish I had some traveling companion who knew the ropes." This hint I let fall in the hope that he might propose to join me, but as he made no rejoinder I at length ventured to put it more plainly. I gave a rough sketch of the route I proposed to follow, asked his opinion upon it and finally said that should his inclination lead him also in that direction I should be very glad of his company.

"Well, sir, I'm obliged to you," replied Mr. Birchmore after a pause of some moments. "You couldn't pay a man a better compliment than to ask him to travel with you; and I would accept your offer as frankly and fearlessly as you make it, only—well, the fact is, I'm not so entirely at my own disposal as I may appear to you to be. I have been through a good many experiences in life, and some of the consequences are upon me still. When you have reached my age—if you ever do reach it—you will understand me better. I suppose I may be fifteen years your senior; well, fifteen years means a good deal—a good deal." He puffed a meditative cloud or two and then added, "You're not hurt? You see how it is? I would really like to accompany you—but I can't."

Of course I warmly disavowed all resentment, and felt inwardly ashamed of having forced him, by the freedom of my advances, into making this explanation. Meanwhile, I could not help liking him better than ever and feeling more than ever interested, not to say curious, about him. It was now certain that some mystery or other attached to him. I cast covert glances at him in the vain attempt to read something of his secret through his outward aspect. But he was inscrutable, or rather there was nothing especially noticeable in him. His face, as I have said, was handsome in its contours; he wore a heavy mustache and a short, pointed beard on his chin. His forehead was wide across the temples, but low, and dark brown hair, rather stiff, and streaked here and there with gray, grew thickly over his head. His hands were large and hairy up to the second joints of the fingers, but they were finely and powerfully formed and the fingers tapered beautifully, with nails smoothly cut and polished.

In figure he was above the medium size and appeared strongly built, though he had complained to me more than once of rheumatism or some other bodily failing. In walking he took rather short steps for a tall man and without any swaying of the shoulders, his hands being generally thrust in the side pockets of his coat and his face inclined toward the ground. But his eyes—large, bright and restless—were his most remarkable feature. They appeared to take note of everything; they were seldom fixed and never introspective. Compared with the general immobility of the rest of his countenance, these eyes of Mr. Birchmore seemed to have a life of their own, and a very intense and watchful one.

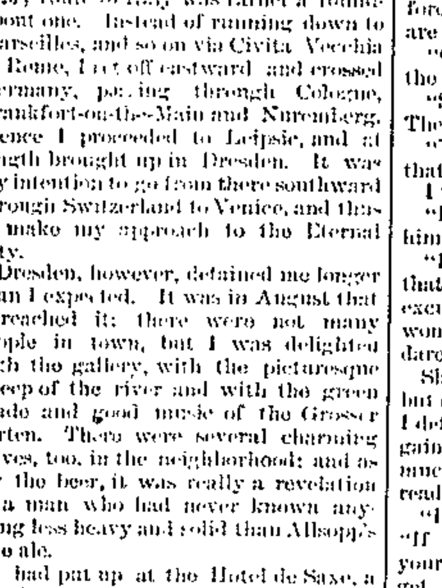
Whenever they met mine fully (which was but seldom, and then only for a moment at a time) I was conscious of a kind of start or thrill, as if a fine spray of icy water had swept my face. What had those eyes looked upon, or what was it that lurked behind them?

"We may run across each other again—hope we may," said Mr. Birchmore when I shook hands with him at parting a few days later. "Glad to have met you, Mr. Gainsborough—very glad, sir."

"Thanks; I am glad to have met you. Your acquaintance has profited me not a little."

"Oh, as to that," said Mr. Birchmore, with a smile and one of those startling, straightforward glances into my eyes—"as to that the profit will have been mutual, to say the least of it. Goodby!"

CHAPTER III.



"I am Miss Birchmore, if you please, sir."

My route to Italy was rather a roundabout one. Instead of running down to Marseilles, and so on via Civita Vecchia to Rome, I set off eastward and crossed Germany, passing through Cologne, Frankfort-on-the-Main and Nuremberg, thence I proceeded to Leipsic, and at length brought up in Dresden. It was my intention to go from there southward through Switzerland to Venice, and thus to make my approach to the Eternal City.

Dresden, however, detained me longer than I expected. It was in August that I reached it; there were not many people in town, but I was delighted with the gallery, with the picturesque sweep of the river and with the green shade and good music of the Grosser garten. There were several charming drives, too, in the neighborhood; and as for the beer, it was really a revelation to a man who had never known anything less heavy and solid than Allsopp's pale ale.

I had put up at the Hotel de Saxe, a broadsided old building on one side of a large, irregular "Platz," called, I believe, the Neumarkt. My landlord, who was a young gentleman of great personal attractions, interested himself a good deal about my amusements; and one day he happened to ask me whether I had visited a region known as Saxon Switzerland. This, it appeared, was a mountainous district some twenty miles up the Elbe, in which was solved the problem of putting the greatest amount of romantic picturesqueness into the smallest possible compass. It was a land of savage rocks, wild precipices and profound gorges, conveniently grouped within the limits of a good day's tramp. It comprised all the sublime and startling features of your Yosemite valley in California, with an area about equal to the summit of one of the table bluffs in that region.

I packed my valise for a sojourn of two or three days among these pocket Alps, put my diamonds in that secure inner pocket and took a drosky for the railway station. The trip to Schandau (the principal village of Saxon Switzerland) can also be made by steamer, but after discussing the pros and cons of rival routes with my host of the hotel the evening previous, I had decided to go by rail, which provides nearly half as much pretty scenery as the river road, and takes up less than a fourth as much time.

I alighted at the station door somewhat late, and having given my trunk in charge of a porter was hurrying to get my ticket, when my attention was caught by a young lady who was standing on the platform in an attitude that bespoke suspense and anxiety. Her veil was down, but from the slender elegance of her figure and the harmonious perfection of her costume I could not doubt that her face was beautiful. Evidently she was not a German; had she been a thought less tastefully dressed I should have said she was an English girl. As it was she might be either an Austrian or an American. Even then I rather inclined to the latter hypothesis.

She appeared to be entirely alone, but she was scanning with ill concealed eagerness the crowd that was entering the station as if in search of a familiar face. When her glance fell upon me I fancied that she took an impulsive step in my direction, but she checked herself immediately and looked away. While I was hastily debating within myself whether or not it would be "the thing" for me to go up and ask her if she needed any assistance, I saw a dienstmann or carrier come up the steps, and taking off his cap deliver her a note. She tore it nervously open, threw back her veil impatiently and ran her eyes over the contents. Beautiful she was, indeed! My anticipations had been behind the truth on that score. Such strange, mystical, dark eyes underneath level, black eyebrows I had never seen. But just then there was an expression of dismay and distress in them that made me half forget to remember their fascination.

She now addressed the carrier, seemingly in broken German, for he evidently did not well understand her, and the answer he made appeared to increase her embarrassment. Her slender foot tapped the stone pavement; she read the note once more, crushed it up in her hand, and then her arms fell listlessly at her sides with an air almost of despair. She looked this way and that helplessly.

By this time several persons besides myself had observed her bewilderment, and I thought I perceived that a certain fat old Jew, wearing a number of glittering rings and a very massive watch chain, was inclined to take advantage of it. This decided me on my course of action; I came quickly forward, as if I had just caught sight of her, and lifting my hat with an air of respectful acquaintanceship I said in French:

"If mademoiselle will permit me, I may perhaps be of some use."

"Her veil, either accidentally or of design, dropped again over her face as she turned it toward me. I knew that she was scrutinizing me with a woman's intuitive sight, and I tried to look as guileless and respectful as I am sure I felt. In a moment she asked:

"Monsieur est il Francais?"

"I'm an Englishman," I answered, blushing a little, I dare say, at her implied criticism of my imperfect accent.

"Oh, I am glad! I, too, am almost English—I am American. But I don't know how I can be helped, really."

"Some friend has missed an appointment?"

"Yes, indeed! Oh, dear! it's worse than that. It's my father."

"You were going by the train?"

"There has been some stupid mistake I'm sure I don't know what I shall do. We had arranged to start at ten o'clock this morning, and I started first, because I wanted to do some shopping on the way down. I understood that we were to rendezvous here. But he did not come at ten, and I sent a dienstmann to the hotel; and now he has brought word from the hotel keeper that papa started by the ten o'clock steamboat. I had not understood that it was to be the steamboat, you see; and I'm left here all alone."

"But if you took the next train, you would still arrive two or three hours before him; that is—may I ask where you are going?"

"Oh, I think Schandau is the name of the place."

"Schandau? Oh, then it's all right. There is a train starts immediately."

"Yes—but—no. I'm afraid I can't do that."

I was puzzled.

"Perhaps you would like to telegraph him to come back here for you?"

"I don't know where to telegraph, so that he would get it, besides— But, excuse me, sir, you are very kind, but I won't trouble you with my affairs. I dare say I shall get on very well."

She turned away with a slight bow, but she was so evidently nonplussed that I determined to make another effort to gain her confidence. There was not much time to lose; the first bell was already ringing.

"I am going on to Schandau," I said. "If you like, I will send you back to your hotel in a drosky, and when I get to Schandau I will hunt up your father and tell him the mistake he has made. Here is my card."

She looked at it and her manner at once changed. A half repressed smile glimmered on her face. I felt that we were on a right footing at last, though I could not at the time understand how it had happened.

"I will confess to you, Mr. Gainsborough," she said, glancing up at me with a charming trustfulness in her manner. "My papa is so forgetful. We were not coming back to Dresden. After Schandau we were going on to Prague, and he has gone off with all our luggage, and—and he has left me without even any money to buy my ticket! At least, I did have enough, but I spent it all in my shopping."

This cleared up matters at once.

"How stupid of me not to have seen it all before!" I exclaimed. "Now we have just time to get the train."

I hurried her on with me as I spoke, bought our tickets in the twinkling of an eye and without waiting for the change conveyed her rapidly across the platform, and with the assistance of a guard we found ourselves safely ensconced in a first class carriage just as the train moved off. My beautiful companion, breathless, smiling and yet seemingly a little frightened, sank back on the cushions and felt for the fan at her girdle. I wished to give her plenty of time to recover her composure, and to feel assured that I had no intention of taking undue advantage of our position; so, having arranged the windows to suit her convenience, I betook myself to the other end of the carriage and diligently stared at the prospect for fully five minutes. Nature could endure no more, and at the end of that time I was fain to change my posture.

I stole a glance at my fair American. She, too, was absorbed in the prospect on her side, which consisted at the moment of a perpendicular cutting about ten feet distant from her window. Her attitude as she sat there was the perfection of feminine grace. Her left hand, loosely holding the fan, drooped on her lap; her sleeve, slightly pushed up, revealed the lovely curve of her arm and wrist. I am a particular admirer of beautiful wrists and hands, and here I saw my ideal. How exquisitely the glove fitted, and how artistically the color harmonized with the rest of her costume! The other little hand supported her chin. I could just see the rounded outline of her small cheek, and the movement of the dark eyelash projecting beyond it.

Beneath her hat the black hair turned in a careless coil and charming little downy curls nestled in the nape of her neck. She was a thorough brunette, pale, and yet pervaded with warm color. Beneath the skirt of her crisp dress peeped the pointed toe of an ineffable little boot, which occasionally lifted itself and tapped the floor softly. Suddenly, in the midst of my admiring inspection, she turned around upon me and our eyes met. There was an instant's constraint and then we both laughed, and the constraint passed away not to return.

"I was going to ask you," said I, "whether you wouldn't prefer sitting on this side? You will find the river better worth looking at than that stone wall."

"I am under your orders, sir, for the present; you put me here; and now if you tell me I am to go elsewhere, I shall obey."

She rose as she spoke; the jolting of the carriage caused her to lose her balance; I held out my hand to assist her and so she tottered across and seated herself opposite me.

"Now are you satisfied?" she asked demurely, folding her hands in her lap and sending a flash into me from those mystical eyes.

"Yes, indeed, if you are. Did you ever travel this way before?"

"If you mean alone with a gentleman I never met before—no."

"Oh, what I mean was"——

"I know—I didn't mean to make fun. Yes, I believe I was in this part of the country once when I was a very little girl; that was before I went to the convent, you know."

"To the convent?"

She gave a charming impromptu laugh.

"I wasn't quite a nun—I didn't want to make you believe that! Only I was brought up in a convent near Paris; educated there, as many young ladies are. I was there seven years—wasn't that long?—and I only got out a little while ago."

"It must have been awfully dull."

"Oh, I liked it in a sort of way, they were very kind to me there, but then I didn't know how pleasant it was outside! You would never believe how delightful the world is if you were only told about it. My papa used to tell me about it sometimes, and he is a great traveler—he has been everywhere. But I didn't realize it until I saw for myself."

"Have you been to America since leaving the convent?"

"Oh, yes. I went to New York, and saw my cousins there. Papa went with me, but he came back to Paris first and I followed later. I met him again in Paris only a few weeks ago. He will be surprised to see you here, Mr. Gainsborough. What a funny way you have chosen to go from Paris to Rome—through Dresden!"

"Yes, I—but, by the way, how did you know I was going to Rome? And why will your papa be surprised?"

Again she laughed, and regarded me with so delightfully mischievous a glance that I felt convinced I must in some way be making a fool of myself. What did it all mean? I bit my lip and the color came into my face from provocation at my own evident thick headedness.

"If you had only waited a little longer in Paris," she continued, still smiling enigmatically, "perhaps we might have met in a more regular way, and perhaps then you would have let me have a look at your—diamonds!"

My diamonds! That explained the mystery in a flash.

"Is your father Mr. Birchmore?"

"I am Miss Birchmore, if you please sir. You never asked me for my card, and I didn't like to force it on you. It was so kind of you to take me on trust, without making sure that I was all right first. I thought Englishmen were more cautious and reserved."

I could now join in the laugh against myself with full appreciation of the excellence of the jest. Mr. Birchmore then, had been a married man after all. Of course he was. Why had I not before remarked the strong family likeness between him and his daughter? Take her on trust, forsooth! How I longed to retort that I was ready to take her for better, for worse, then and there if she would have me! If she were a fair specimen of American girls, what a nation of houris they must be indeed. But then they were not all brought up in French convents. It was that that added to Miss Birchmore the last irresistible charm.

That it was that gave her that naivete that innocent frankness, that unconscious freedom. And this lovely creature had actually know me by report before we met. Her father had told her of me and evidently he had not given me a bad character. And this accounted for the favorable change in her manner when she saw my card. Well, it was altogether delightful. I had been guided by a happy destiny; thank fortune, I had so conducted myself as at least not to prejudice Miss Birchmore against me. Verily, good manners are never thrown away, and moreover I prided myself (as I fancy most gentlemen do) on my ability to detect a true lady at a glance.

We now resumed our conversation on a still more confidential footing than heretofore. Miss Birchmore related many amusing anecdotes of her late experience in New York, as well as of her earlier days in the convent, and even some passages of her child life previous to the latter epoch. I observed, however, that ever and anon she would check herself, seeming to pass over certain passages in her history in silence and this reminded me of the similar behavior which I had noted in her father. That secret, that mystery—whatever it was that weighed upon him—had cast its shadow over her young heart likewise. Honestly did I sympathize with her unknown trouble, and ardently did I long—all vulgar curiosity aside—to have the knowledge of it imparted to me. Few calamities are so heavy as that by earnest and friendly help they may not be lightened. What could it be? In vain I asked myself that question.

Here was this lovely girl, in the first fresh bloom of existence, just beginning to taste with eager, uncloyed palate all the sweet joys and novelties of life—health, youth, a happy temperament and ample wealth ranked on her side, and yet this bitterness of a misfortune, not by rights her own, must needs communicate its blighting influence to her! It was tragical to think of. Yes, ever and anon I could mark its traces in her vivid face and winning bearing; a passing gloom of sadness in those wonderful eyes; a quiver of apprehension about the lips; an involuntary gesture of nervousness or lassitude; many trifling signs, scarcely perceptible perhaps to a regard less keen and watchful than mine had already become. Already? But time in an acquaintance like this is not to be measured by hours or minutes. It is a trite saying, and yet how true, that those who are under the influence of a strong emotion may live years in a few heart beats.

"Please—oh, please don't look so solemn, Mr. Gainsborough! What has happened? I should think, to look at you, that you had been robbed of your diamonds at the very least."

"No; they are safe enough," said I, calling up as cheerful a tone and aspect as I could master, and putting my hand over the inner pocket as I spoke, "Are you fond of diamonds?"

"Oh, did you ever hear of a girl who wasn't? I think there is nothing so beautiful! Papa has a great many, but he says I mustn't wear them until after I am married. Isn't that hard?"

"But perhaps you think of being married before long?" I inquired, with positively a jealous throb at my heart.

"No, that's the trouble; I know I shall never be married." These words were uttered in a lower and graver tone, and once more I thought I could discern the flitting traces of that mysterious melancholy. But she brightened up when I said:

"Well, he won't object to your seeing my diamonds, at any rate; not even to your putting them on, perhaps!"

"Just for a minute—may I? that will be splendid! Papa says that some of them are the finest he ever saw."

"For longer than a minute, Miss Birchmore, if you are willing—I mean if he"—What did I mean, pray? Was I going to make an offer of my hand, heart and diamonds on less than an hour's acquaintance in a railway carriage; and was I going to forget that the diamonds did not belong to me at all, but to my respected mother, who would probably see me cut off with a shilling before granting me the disposal of them? Luckily for my self possession and self respect the train drew up just then at the station known as "Krippen," on the bank of the river immediately opposite Schandau. The guard opened the door; we alighted, and the first person we saw was Mr. Birchmore, and close behind him a short, ungainly, beetle browed fellow, a valet or footman apparently, with a camp stool, an umbrella and a small basket of fruit on his arm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

No Joke.

Party Behind Screen—Oh, you may laugh as much as you like, but I tell you it's no joke to wake up and find you've been robbed of everything you possessed—clothing, money, valuables, all gone, even my wig and false teeth, and I am to be married in a couple of hours too; that's where it hurts me most!—Life.

She Asked Too Much.

They had been married a month and the world had been turning for them upon an axis of gold lubricated with honey.

The harmony of happy hearts filled their souls with a divine rapture and the hours flew by on melodious wings.

This day the first shadow had touched with gray the rose leaves on their path.

"No, Ethel," he said firmly, yet kindly, "I cannot do it."

"But, George," she pleaded, "I—your Ethel—your bride—ask you to do it for her sake," and she came and laid her soft white arms about his neck and turned her appealing eyes to his.

He bowed his head and kissed her golden hair.

"I know, I know, Ethel," he said in tender, protesting tones, "but this I cannot do. You should not ask it; you who are more than all the world to me."

The young wife's hands fell to her sides, she shook under a storm of sobs and a shower of tears wet the sweet pink roses in her cheeks.

The young husband was not less moved, but the determined look did not leave his face.

"And you will never, never grant your Ethel's request?" she asked, stepping back from him.

"Never, Ethel, never," he replied in a harsher tone than he had yet used; "I am willing, only too glad and willing, to do anything you ask in reason, but never will I consent to call your father papa, and that ends it."

George had spoken.—Detroit Free Press.

A Difference of Opinion.

Dashaway—Hello! old man, aren't you back from the west sooner than you expected?

Billboard (the tragedian)—Yes; my manager and the audience didn't agree and I left.

Dashaway—What was the matter?

Billboard—He wanted me to finish the act, and they didn't.—Truth.

MARION WEEKLY STAR.

Price, $1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

BY W. G. HARDING.

SATURDAY, - - - APRIL

MONDAY'S RESULT.

The result of Monday's vote in Marion is not to be termed a Republican victory, with a fire-works display, but **it is a handsome** victory for a better **administration** of city affairs. As a **rule the better men** have been elected **and it would** be an error to say that **any thing** did it other than the quiet **forsaking of party** lines and voting for **business men.**

For the first time within recollection **the Fourth ward** elects a Republican **member. We do not take it** that it is **because Mr. Wilson** was so good a **Republican, because** Mr. Retterer is a **staunch Democrat** and a fine old **gentleman, Mr. Wilson's** magnificent **victory is due** to his reputation as a **capable** business man, to his varied **interests in Marion** and to his strong **personal following.** His election is a **striking triumph** and the STAR has no **doubt he will** show his appreciation of **it in a valuable** official career.

Mr. McNeal's election in the Third **was expected,** though Mr. Guthery was **a strong man** to run against. Mr. **McNeal has** been in the council before **and he will** be a valuable member. **Those who have** thought the city **solicitor had** too many official cares can **rely on Mr. McNeal** assisting in caring **for the legal** burdens.

Mr. Waples' election in the Second **ward is just** as good as any Republican **could be when** we forget the distribution **of spoils.** Mr. Waples is a capable **Democrat, as** high in ability as any **Marion** man, and if he doesn't **prove a** good councilman we shall be **disappointed.** Dr. McMurray, the **only other** Democrat elected, has been **in before.**

Mr. Busard's election adds strength **to the** Republican membership and **will make** extreme partisan measures **difficult** to rush through. With the **partisan** vote 6 to 3 there is an **approach** to the safety line that is **reassuring.**

The result on the balance of the **short local tickets** is not of striking **interest.** The Democrats elected all of **their assessors,** but George McKinley **made a run** for justice that was **surprising.** Those who expected his **election** did not look for such a big **majority.**

Mr. Osbun's reelection as township **clerk was a** handsome thing to do, **though a** most excellent gentleman had **to go down** in defeat. Mr. Osbun has **been an** excellent clerk and it was **proper to retain him.**

The result as a whole is quite **gratifying.** If the voters of municipalities **would forsake party** lines on all **occasions and** would always rally to the **support** of good men, it wouldn't be **long until** there would be the best men **nominated** on all occasions. Good **men largely** avoid municipal offices **because of** the necessary scramble to be **elected.**

THERE is no doubt about the growing **strength of** Mr. Cleveland as a **Democratic presidential** candidate. The tide **has so strangly** set in his favor that **those who** thought a month ago that **he was a** shelved statesman now look **upon him** as the most likely nominee.

Mr. Cleveland's strong stand against **free silver** makes him the best **candidate for** the East and North, while the **South may** be depended upon to take **its medicine** and come to the scratch **with any** candidate. But it is unfair to **assume** that Mr. Cleveland has no **friends** in the South. Even after Mr **Hill's** fireworks excursion the **ex-president can** doubtless make as good show **in measurement** in southern strength. **Hill's dodge** on the silver question, his **Tammany** methods and his inability to **gather a** single Republican vote make **him an** improbability even with New **York for** him with the machine.

In Ohio the Democrats who were **first** inclined to applaud Hill are **swinging** into the procession that will **soon** yell for Cleveland, and a **Cleveland** delegation will go to Chicago. **That is** the way the situation appears. **It is** doubtful if Mr. Cleveland can **carry New York,** but he can come as **near being** elected as any man in the **Democratic** party.

THE Delaware Press has changed **hands, Messrs.** Allbright & Knowls **being succeeded** by the Press company, **which is said** to contain men of means **and ability** to make it an assured **success. The** STAR wishes its neighbor **whatever** of the success that is hoped **for that** it merits, and the indications **are that** it will merit a great deal.

WE begin one of Julian Hawthorne's **charming** little stories in this issue, **which will** be continued from **Saturday to Saturday** until concluded. The **fame** of the author is sufficient to **recommend** the story. Read the opening **chapters.**

THE kicking on the recent **gerrymander is** not confined to the Democratic **party.** There are hosts of dissatisfied **Republicans.** There are several **Republicans outside** of Marion who do not **like the Thirteenth** district.

THERE has been some wonder as to what the Post ... day. ... start about ... field good enough for them ...

THE "Tammany tiger" ... so called by an unhappy lot of ... ists, made a good run on Monday. This should indicate which way the wind blows in Hamilton county. ... man's letter was not ... to its effect.

EVERY day the STAR has inquiries as to the probable route of the Short Line railway through Marion. We have no information, but we regret to believe that East Marion is to be crossed by the new line. Those are the signs as we see them.

BURGLARY as a profession must be deteriorating. The home of the editor of the Bellefontaine Examiner was burglarized last week. By the way, the burglar is a fellow who takes a roast in a newspaper without ever making a kick about it.

THERE is nothing that can stand the western cyclone, nothing ones to do to avoid the spread of death and ruin in its path. The first serious one of 1892 swept its board form across a large stretch of Kansas, Nebraska and the Northwest on Thursday night.

OH no! Silver is no issue. But the Bucyrus Forum, rampant in its Democracy, says, after easing up on Harter: "We are now in the Fourteenth district and Hon. D. D. Hare, of Upper Sandusky, is Crawford county's congressman. Mr. Hare is a free coinage Democrat."

THERE is no doubt about Mr. Grosvenor's desire to return to congress. He began his campaign when his representative went before the redistricting committee, mapped out a district to the order of the great Athenian, and said: "Here, gentlemen, is what we want; we don't care a d—n about the rest of the state."

WE shall have only finished reading the returns of the spring municipal elections until word will come as to the result in Rhode Island. The political wave for 1892 has started on its way. The district, state and national conventions soon come in close order, and previous to and following them all is the neverending discussion of issues and leaders.

There is really too much of it. There is a touch of politics from all sources. In hundreds of ways it pervades business transactions, though happily not in a very serious manner. The good that comes with the quadrennial campaigns is attended by undesirable features, and the best way to get through them is to prepare to preserve the utmost good humor. Partisanship will be intensified and there will be excitement, of course. The only needful thing to remember is that your neighbor, though politically opposed to you, is a neighbor and mate just the same, unless, of course, the neighbor is a woman and for woman's rights, anytime and business and the campaign can go on happily without unpleasantness and disagreeable recollections.

A Former Marion Boy's Marriage.

The Fostoria Daily Times of last Friday, has the following of interest to the groom's Marion friends:

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. German was the scene of a very happy event last night, it being the occasion of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Sadie C. to F. M. Eckhart, of Findlay. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. C. Jamison in the presence of about thirty friends and relatives. The bride was attired in a suit of cream silk, trimmed with chiffon and flowers. She is well known and is a refined and accomplished young lady, while the groom is a young man of excellent character and reputation. The house was handsomely decorated with smilax, roses and carnation pinks. At the conclusion of the ceremony, and after congratulations were showered upon the happy couple, wedding feast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Eckhart left on the late L. E. & W. train for their new home in Findlay, where the best wishes of hosts of friends follow them.

Haggens—Saeltzer Nuptials.

A happy wedding occurred at 12 o'clock, noon, Sunday, April 3d, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Saeltzer, two miles south of the city.

The contracting parties were Edward H. Haggens and Miss Saeltzer, the amiable daughter of Jacob and Maggie Saeltzer. At high noon the wedding march was played by Miss Amanda Stahl and the contracting parties made their appearance, accompanied by W. E. Stahl as groomsman and Miss Nellie Mc... as bridesmaid. The ceremony was performed in a pleasing manner by Rev. ..., of Fremont, Ohio, in the presence of about eighty invited guests. After hearty congratulations were extended, a most sumptuous wedding feast was served. The presents were numerous, valuable and useful. Mr. and Mrs. Haggens will make their home at this city. Their many friends wish them a bright journey through life.

The proprietors ... have made ... family ... Remedy the most ... for these diseases. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale at Flocken's drug store

LIKE A SUNDAY!

Was the Election in this City Monday,

BEING VERY QUIET INDEED.

The Republicans Have Some Reasons to Rejoice. There Were Some Real Surprises and Other Changes That Were Looked for. The Result in Detail—Elections Quiet in the City.

For Councilmen—J. F. McNeal, Harvey Wilson and O. A. Busard, Republicans and E. F. Waples and Dr. A. B. McMurray, Democrats.

For Assessors—John Jones, Cass Wilson, Chas. Harraman and Robert Hopkins, all Democrats.

For Township Clerk—I. E. Osbun, Republican.

For Township Trustee—F. R. Saiter, Democrat.

For Justice—George McKinley, Republican.

For Township Assessor—Cornelius Dwyer, Democrat.

Such is the story in brief of Monday's local election. It was a very creditable showing for the Republicans with all the odds against them. There were one or two surprises, possible as much to Democrats as Republicans, while in other instances the strong candidates were readily recognized.

Possibly memory does not recall a quieter election in the history of the city. The Kangaroo ballot system was greatly responsible for this, while there was an apparent inactivity on the part of the voters. The vote was consequently very light. A great many mistakes in voting were also made, which were probably divided nearly evenly among both parties. The errors were nearly as conspicuous as at the November election and in many cases were quite as ridiculous.

First Ward—"A."

For Council—	Busard, R	98
	Clark, D	116
Assessor—	Walter, R	101
	Jones, D	111
Trustee—	Fox, R	97
	Saiter, D	120
Clerk—	Osbun, R	110
	Rupp, D	105
Justice—	McKinley, R	106
	Woodcock, D	108

First Ward—"B."

For Council—	Busard, R	12[illegible]
	Clark, D	80
Assessor—	Walter, R	104
	Jones, D	70
Trustee—	Fox, R	110
	Saiter, D	94
Clerk—	Osbun, R	117
	Rupp, D	88
Justice—	McKinley, R	131
	Woodcock, D	70

FIRST WARD MAJORITIES.

Busard, R	11
Jones, D	6
Saiter, D	5
Osbun, R	31
McKinley, R	41

Second Ward.

For Council—2 years—	Roberts, R	111
	Waples, D	150
For Council—1 year—	McClure, R	137
	McMurray, D	162
Assessor—	Steuum, R	95
	Wilson, D	160
Trustee—	Fox, R	115
	Saiter, D	173
Clerk—	Osbun, R	131
	Rupp, D	150
Justice—	McKinley, R	125
	Woodcock, D	162

SECOND WARD MAJORITIES.

Waples, D	39
McMurray, D	25
Wilson, D	66
Saiter, D	58
Rupp, D	19
Woodcock, D	37

Third Ward—"A."

For Council—	McNeal, R	166
	Guthery, D	133
Assessor—	Barnhart, R	137
	Harraman, D	155
Trustee—	Fox, R	115
	Saiter, D	147
Clerk—	Osbun, R	161
	Rupp, D	139
Justice—	McKinley, R	171
	Woodcock, D	121

Third Ward—"B."

For Council—	McNeal, R	71
	Guthery, D	69
Assessor—	Barnhart, R	58
	Harraman, D	78
Trustee—	Fox, R	57
	Saiter, D	79
Clerk—	Osbun, R	61
	Rupp, D	73
Justice—	McKinley, R	83
	Woodcock, D	70

THIRD WARD MAJORITIES.

McNeal, R	35
Harraman, D	38
Saiter, D	21
Osbun, R	20
McKinley, R	58

Fourth Ward.

For Council—	Wilson, R	271
	Retterer, D	156
Assessor—	Irey, R	172
	Hopkins, D	201
Trustee—	Fox, R	160
	Saiter, D	210
Clerk—	Osbun, R	232
	Rupp, D	171
Justice—	McKinley, R	2[illegible]
	Woodcock, D	150

FOURTH WARD MAJORITIES.

Wilson, R	115
Hopkins, D	29
Saiter, D	50
Osbun, R	28
Woodcock, R	60

Marion Township.

Trustee—	Fox, R	66
	Saiter, D	91
Clerk—	Osbun, R	161
	Rupp, D	50
Assessor—	McWilliams, R	47
	Dwyer, D	101
Justice—	McKinley, R	71
	Woodcock, D	78

TOTAL TOWNSHIP MAJORITIES.

Saiter, D	161
Osbun, R	420
Dwyer, D	57
McKinley, R	117

The School Board.

At the school board polls 206 votes were cast, of which Messrs. Young and Hyde received 201 each. There were five scratched tickets voted. The number of votes cast excelled the average number at school board elections.

The Figures from Caledonia.

CALEDONIA, April 6.—The official figures in Monday's vote are as follows:

Claridon Township.

Trustee—	Foos, D	179
	Decker, R	180
Clerk—	Foreman, D	117
	Rogers, R	231
Assessor, S. P.—	W. A. Conaway, R	158
	Foos, D	93
Assessor, S. P.—	Jacob Smith, Jr., D	52
	Bolinger, R	63

Caledonia Corporation.

Mayor—	Kelly, D	75
	Jones, R	77
Councilmen—	Warwick, R	102
	Geddis, D	83
	Pittman, D	81
	Stone, R	73
	Brocklesby, R	49
	Meister, D	68
Clerk—	Conaway, R	74
	Roberts, D	81
Treasurer—	Margerum, D	103
	Rowse, R	50
Marshal—	Smith, R	95
	Patton, D	56

How Prospect Voted.

A special to the Journal from Prospect, says: The election here Tuesday was one not to be forgotten for years. Never before was the pencil so freely used. There were 235 votes polled in the corporation and not more than five tickets went in without a scratch. The fight was on mayor and marshal, there being three candidates for mayor and four for marshal. The Republicans elected M. L. Carpenter mayor and C. R. Herr councilman. The balance of the ticket went Democratic by a big vote. The township went Democratic with the exception of assessor, Boyd, Republican.

Martel Democrats Win.

MARTEL, April 5.—The election in this, Tully township, resulted disastrously to the Republicans, every Democrat on the ticket being elected, as follows:

W. A. Fullil ... —Clerk.
Eli Winters—Trustee.
H. W. Lowmiller—Assessor.

THIRD ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The Marion County Sunday School Union Meeting at the Epworth M. E. Church.

The third annual convention of the Marion County Sunday School union was held at the Epworth M. E. church Monday and Tuesday of this week, and it proved to be a complete success in every particular. The attendance was large, especially so Tuesday evening. The program, which was published in the STAR, was rendered in every detail as arranged, with the exception of the substituting of Rev Kanaga for Prof. Powell, who was out of the city. The music was one of the most pleasing features of the convention. The many talks on Sunday school work by those practically engaged in it were listened to with much interest.

Marion Lawrence, field secretary and Rev. G. N. Ford, of Oberlin, were conspicuous figures of the meeting and their addresses went to further the interest of the convention. All present seemed to feel that the affair was one from which all Sunday school workers derived much knowledge.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: J. G. Virden, president; John Landon, vice president; A. C. Walter, treasurer; Grace P. Durfee, secretary; Clara Klinefelter, assistant secretary; B. J. Camp, Anna W. Fite, Prof. C. E. Buckles and J. R. Harshbarger, executive committee.

New Huber Enterprises

The Huber works has just completed a large frame building to the north of the warehouse with a capacity of from $10,000 to $15,000 worth of goods.

Another and more extensive building is in preparation of building, however, being a supply room which will be erected on recently purchased ground opposite the works on the west across Greenwood street. The new building will probably be of brick, 30 by 52 feet and two stories, the plans already decided upon. The grounds are now being put in shape for building.

The Hubers now employ about 250 men, being an increase over the force of last year. The recent Ohio rains have increased the hopes for the business of this season, many favorable reports being received in regard to the wheat crop.

A Child's Injuries.

Earl, the little 3-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cyder, residing on north East street, met with a distressing accident Sunday evening. The little fellow was playing about the barn and stepped upon a can which turned and caused him to fall. In falling his head struck another can, cutting a gash several inches in length. Dr. Wells was summoned and was obliged to make several stitches in the wound to aid the child. The accident, although painful, was not considered serious.

For a number of years I have been subject to violent attacks of inflammatory rheumatism which generally lasted about two months. On the first of this month I was attacked in the knee and suffered severely, for two days, when I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it relieved me almost instantly. I therefore most cheerfully recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted everywhere.—R. D. Whitely, Martindale, N. C., Feb. 1888. Mr. Whitely is a very prominent man in this place and his disease was very widely known as he suffered such severe pain. W. M. Houston & Co., merchants, Martindale, N. C. 50 cent bottles for sale at Flocken's drug store.

Prospect Assignment.

A deed of assignment was this week filed in probate court from Julia A. Morrow, of Prospect, to M. B. Chase. The deed conveys a stock of groceries and stationery and a house and three lots, the whole amounting to the value of perhaps $2100. The property reverted to Mrs. Morrow through her son, for whom she had been surety.

Lane's Family Medicine Moves the Bowels

Each day. A pleasant herb drink **Try it.**

IN JOINT SOCIAL SESSION

Cooper Post G. A. R. and Cooper Relief Corps Have an Enjoyable Time Together.

Tuesday night according to previous arrangement Cooper Post G. A. R. in a body proceeded to the hall of the W. R. C. where the ladies of the corps were awaiting them. Mrs. Clara Lewellyn, president of the corps, occupied the chair and welcomed the brethren of the G. A. R. in a very pleasant off-hand manner.

Commander King responded for the post in a neat and appropriate speech. In response to calls Mrs. M. A Beale gave a very excellent and entertaining account of her visit to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan's Home at Xenia, commending in the highest terms the management of that institution; the homelike atmosphere of the place and the motherly care of the matron.

Dr. Weeks indorsed the report of Mrs. Beale and said it would pay any old soldier to visit the home. Mrs. Beale also gave a report of the cottage, or home, which is being built for the mothers and widows of soldiers and for army nurses, by the W. R. C. of Ohio, assisted by appropriations by the legislature.

The "War Eagle" was then introduced and spread its wings over the meeting and guided by Editor McClure and assistant, Miss Clara Winnack, took in the entire joint fold. To say that it was entertaining and instructive is not telling the half, and with its poetical supplement by a late member of the 96th, was highly appreciated.

The conundrum feature was a new one embracing questions like this: "Why were the rebels called Johnnies?" "Why Butternuts?" "Why were all soldiers tired on the 1st day of April, &c?"

Remarks being again in order Mrs. Lewellyn told of her contest with a Butternut and the meeting closed in a halo of good feeling, and all felt that it was good to be there. An invitation was accepted to meet next month at the home of Commander King. The "War Eagle" will be there.

Palo Alto.

Humphreys' veterinary salesman crossed the continent to visit Palo Alto, the stock farm of Governor Stanford, the home of Sunol, Arion, Palo Alto, etc. After presenting proper credentials and exhibiting the list of prominent stock owners who are using the specifics, Mr. Reynolds, the superintendent, and Mr. Marvin, the trainer, consented to his treating Sunol and Palo Alto, as they were suffering from lameness. After thoroughly testing the specifics on these and other cases, Mr. Stanford's business manager and attorney, Mr. Lathrop, placed an order for Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics, probably the largest ever given for veterinary medicines alone. This completes the list of prominent stock owners who have adopted the use of Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics. Veterinary Manual mailed free on request. Address Humphreys' Medicine Company, corner William and John streets, New York.

Entirely Satisfactory.

W. J. Arkell, publisher of Judge and Frank Leslie's Illustrated newspaper, writes:

"Judge Building,
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Sixteenth St.,
New York, January 14, 1891.

"About three weeks since, while suffering with a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and in a short time obtained relief.

"In my opinion, these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises, or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."

Death in East Marion.

Mrs. Marion Ault, whose husband is employed at the Huber shops, died at her home in East Marion Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, after but four days' severe suffering with spinal meningitis. Deceased was a middle aged woman and the mother of two small children.

The remains will be taken to Salem, Richland township, the former home of deceased, where services and burial took place Tuesday.

For years the editor of the Burlington Junction (Mo.) Post has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion, which prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days. For the past year he has been using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy whenever occasion required, and it has invariably given him prompt relief. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale at Flocken's drug store.

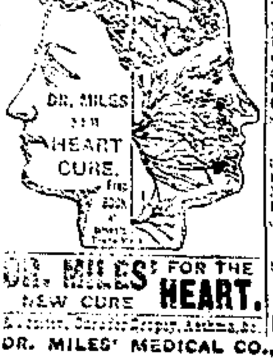
NEW INCORPORATED

BANK!

THE old Marion County Bank has transferred its business and name to the Incorporated Marion County Bank with a capital of Two Hundred Thousand Dollars.

The officers remain the same as in the old Bank.

J. S. REED, Pres.,
HENRY TRUE, Cash.,
W. H. SCHAFFNER, Asst. Cash.


DR. MILES' NEW HEART CURE.
DR. MILES' NEW CURE FOR THE HEART.

Two Years Shortness of Breath, Pain in Sides, Fluttering, Smothering Spells, cured by one bottle of New Cure. Nath A..., ... Rock, Pa.

For thousands of testimonials, ... Dr. Miles' Book New and Startling Facts, FREE at druggists.

The most reliable cure for all Heart Diseases.

DR. MILES' MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

Sold by L. DENISON & CO.

Unparalleled

In Marion

Is the superb stock of goods now shown by the new and artistic merchant tailors.

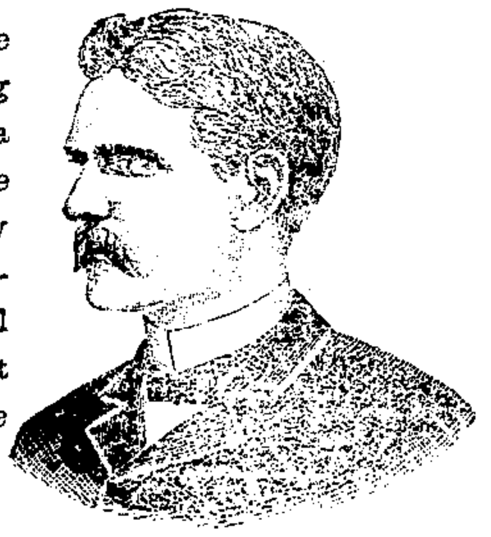
Nelson Brothers,

In the Wallace-Evans Block.

For the first time in its history have the gentlemen of Marion had the advantage of city tailors, with a city stock, at their own home. It is an advantage not to be overlooked. Few cities like Marion are so fortunate.

Nelson Brothers

Carry a fine stock, are up in stylish cutting and they guarantee a fit. In any case where all is not satisfactory they will refund money. They solicit a trial order. Now is a most excellent time to leave your order.



Ladies' Sacques and Cloaks made to order.

NELSON BROS.

Wallace-Evans Block - W. Center Street.

CORSETS

Are one of the most important features in a lady's dress. To have a perfect fitting Corset is to have a good form and to feel comfortable. Perhaps you are wearing some old style Corset and think there is nothing better in the market, but there are improvements in Corsets as well as all other good things and you run no risk in buying ours. We will take it back and refund the money for any of our Corsets after a four weeks' trial if not satisfactory. We keep the correct Corsets.

Our H & S Dressform at one dollar is as good as any $1.25 Dressform Corset in the market.

For an easy, comfortable Corset, try our G. D. Corsets. If you wear waists, try our Chicago waist. We show the best Young Ladies' waist in the land.

Summer Corsets are open and ready for early buyers.

TRY OUR CORSETS!

D. A. FRANK & CO.

All dry goods stores close at 6 p. m., except Monday and Saturday evenings.

KID GLOVES!

EVERYTHING FITTED AND GUARANTEED.

We sell the best $1.00 Kid Glove in the market, "Foster Hook." They come in pretty mode and tan shades, not usually found in a glove at the price.

Our $1.50 Hook Glove has no equal for wear, will not stretch out of shape, gusseted between the fingers and cut to fit. We warrant them highly.

Our $1.75 Suede Mousquetaire is the shapely Parisian cut, perfect in colors. Tints for evening are beautiful.

A good Suede Mousquetaire at 79c, in all colors.

Best Biarritz Glove sold in the city.

85c for a button Kid Glove—nothing to surpass it for wear at the price.

Children's and Missis' Kid Gloves in all shades.

The nicest Gauntlet Kid Glove, for driving, to be had.

We have all the novelties. Special Colorings for Easter.

We also make mention of our Undressed Mousquetaire at $1.25, which has given universal satisfaction.

Kid Glove Thread, for mending, 100 shades in skein, for 20c.

N. B.—Arrived today, Short Cuff Gauntlets, for street wear. The latest.

Uhler, Phillips & Co.

MUSLIN UNDERWEAR!

Ladies often hesitate to purchase Muslin Underwear because the garments they wish are often small, short or not well made, the manufacturer using 3-cord thread, and chain stitch, especially in the tucking. When such a garment is purchased it is not cheap at any price, as it never gives satisfaction. This note calls your personal attention to the celebrated "W" brand muslin underwear, made entirely, "tucking and all," on lock-stitch machine, 6-cord thread, both upper and under; are full size, in length and width and made of good muslin and fine cambric. The skirts and drawers have the yoke band, and are, in every respect, well made goods. Our assortment is now complete, and your inspection is solicited.

D. YAKE.

LOCAL NEWS

Miss Lottie Lutz has gone to Dayton to visit her sister, Mrs. O. F. McJunkin.

Harry Dix and Moxie Blum, were the guests of lady friends at Mt. Gilead Sunday.

Mrs. Will Springer has been quite sick for the past few days, at her home on south East street.

William Cobo and Mary Brocklesby were married by 'Squire McNally Monday morning at his office.

E. R. Kraner and wife, of Richwood, spent Sunday in Marion, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Sells.

Mrs. Dr. W. S. Wells left Monday for Fostoria, where she goes to make a week's visit with her parents.

Agosta and Martel are the two postoffices in the county that were elevated to the dignity of money order offices Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Taylor, of Sidney, Sundayed here with Mrs. Taylor's parents. Mr. Taylor returned home Monday.

Master Homer Waddel gave a reception to about twenty juvenile friends Friday evening in honor of his ninth birthday.

Miss Mary Cleary and Mrs. John Marra, of Delaware, visited Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John M. Cleary.

Mrs. W. E. Kenyon, of Lockport, N. Y., is visiting her brother, H. C. Springer, at the residence of W. C. Springer, on south East street.

J. L. Shuck has been appointed postmaster at Owen, vice Price Lewis resigned. Mr. Lewis has been determined to resign for some little time.

Master Charley Donavin, of Delaware, returned home Monday after a pleasant visit with his grandmother, Mrs. D. S. Jones, on Mt. Vernon avenue.

Mrs. George Aigen returned to her home in Delaware on Sunday evening, after making a pleasant visit with Mrs. H. C. Hoberman, on north Main street.

Ezra C. Columbus and wife left Monday for Windsor, Canada. Mr. Columbus has sold his property in this city and intends making Detroit his future home.

Coroner McMurray Monday filed his inquest with the clerk of the courts in the baby case. He found that the child came to its death by natural causes.

J. F. Apt left Monday night for Grand Rapids, Mich., for the purpose of purchasing new mill machinery for their Michigan lumber business. He will be joined at Toledo by R. Thew, of Cleveland.

S. H. Rupp removed his family from his east South street home Monday to south West street, where he will build a new residence at once. J. W. Wren will occupy his home on east South.

Earl Hess, aged 16 years, and a companion named Layman, of similar age, disappeared from their homes the latter part of last week, and have not been heard from since. They will probably turn up all right.

Mrs. C. F. Miller took up a good, rag carpet last Friday, to clean house, and placed the carpet in Mr. Miller's work shop. That night some thief stole it, and Charley is looking for the s. o. b with blood in his eye.

Dr. Will Akey and Miss Laura Biddle, both of Ridgeway, were married at the home of the bride's parents in that city last Thursday. Miss Laura Bowen, of this city, was among the guests in attendance at the happy event.

Monday was the 68th birthday of A. D. Matthews. Those who are familiarly acquainted with the hearty, jovial gentleman or those who see him busy at the desk in the Huber office can hardly think that he so nearly rounded out the allotted three score and ten, but he has and seems good for an extra ten if not an extra score. The STAR hopes it will be an additional score.

Harry Griffith came up from Columbus Sunday evening and visited his customers here Monday. Harry had a little experience with lightning Sunday that he will not soon forget. He was in the business house of Orr, Brown & Price at Columbus when the building was struck by lightning, shattering the electric light globes, setting the building on fire and causing much consternation to the inmates of the building but Harry got off with a slight shock.

The annual ball of the Huber boiler makers comes off at Music hall on one week from next Wednesday evening, April 13. As previously announced the music will be furnished by the Metropolitan Concert orchestra, of Columbus, and it will be an inspiration to all dancers. All previous balls of the boiler makers have been successes, and this one is expected to exceed all. Many tickets have already been disposed of, and there is promise of a big crowd.

The medical fraternity, backed up by carefully compiled statistics, is almost a unit in declaring that a moderate use of stimulants conduces to long life. It is also admitted that an old whiskey is by far the best stimulant that can be used. Leading physicians recommend the I. W. Harper Whiskey, because it is pure, possessed of a superior flavor and bouquet, and is not offered for sale until it is old and thoroughly matured. Sold by

J. D. GREGORY, Marion, O.

Did it ever occur to you to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best spring medicine? Try a bottle this season. It will do you good.

Mrs. Dr. Denman spent Tuesday with friends in Columbus.

Miss Clara Diebold is home from her six months' visit in the South.

Dr. Dombaugh was up from Waldo to spend Sunday with his parents.

Mrs. Claude Drake is lying quite ill at her home on south East street.

Miss Maude Gove, of Springfield, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Dowell in this city.

College Hill people number one more. A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Main on Sunday.

John Jacoby left on Big Four train 17, Tuesday for Missouri, where he goes to make his future home.

Gene Burroughs, night clerk at Hotel Marion, is at Delaware at the bedside of his mother, who is quite ill.

A girl, the first born, arrived at the home of Philip Shrock, southeast of the city, Wednesday of last week.

The home of Dan Creasap, on Pleasant street, was brightened this forenoon by the arrival of a pair of boys.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Ogier have gone to Cambridge, Ohio, called thither by the alarming illness of Mr. Ogier's sister.

Mrs. Margaret Schultz and daughter, Maggie, left Friday evening for Columbus, expecting to make that city their future home.

George L. Ulch, living on the corner of East and Farming streets, is setting them up, all because he is father of a fine young daughter.

Dr. Martin has removed his family from Bellefontaine avenue to south West street, three doors south of the German M. E. church.

John Farble, the barber at Ackerman's shop, has moved his family here from Mt. Gilead and now resides in the Union block on south street.

A child aged 8 years, that Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Court, south of Owens, had taken from the Cleveland orphan home, died Monday. The funeral occurred Tuesday.

Health Officer Redd's mortality report for the month of March records sixteen deaths, five of which were those of children. None were caused from epidemic diseases.

The news was received here Saturday by relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cunningham, of Lancaster, that their little 2-year-old child died Friday, and is to be buried Sunday afternoon.

Burt Stoll, of North Marion, has a curiosity in the way of a pig with eight feet which it uses very conveniently and walks about with almost as much ease as pigs with only half as many.

Dr. C. Pancoast Gailey wants to dispose of his stock of Myrrh Mixture, one of the best medicines made. You can get it at all drug stores or at the Doctor's residence, for 50 cents per bottle.

Will Garberson, of Cleveland, Sundayed here and with George Christian, Jr., visited his father and mother near Caledonia. Mr. Garberson's visits in Marion are quite frequent but they are full of business and of much pleasure to his friends.

The little one-year-old son of Charley Byers, residing in the Second ward, accidentally fell Thursday afternoon and broke his right arm at the elbow. The little sufferer was attended by Dr. Hamilton and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances.

Col. James Jacoby was in the city this week and shipped his household goods to Toledo. Miss Jacoby is already in that city, and Mr. and Mrs. Jacoby will join her and make that their future home. It is regretted that Mr. Jacoby has determined to leave here, but he has the best wishes of many Marionites in his new home.

J. M. Davidson received a telegram Tuesday evening informing him that his daughter had been married at Celina to A. A. Mudge, of Brooklyn, N. Y. The wedding was somewhat of a surprise to Mr. Davidson although not altogether unexpected. Mrs. J. M. Davidson was present at the ceremony and returned here Wednesday.

B. A. Shields, of the Automatic Car Coupler company, is just in receipt of a letter from a man in Chicago representing capital in that city, and asking that he be given the figure that would purchase the car coupler, patents and everything in connection therewith. This is evidence that the patent is looked upon as desirable property.

Ask your painter as to the quality of Columbus champion paste paint. It possesses the essential elements of a perfect paint, viz: durability and beauty of finish. One hundred pounds thinned with linseed oil will cover 1500 to 5000 square feet. The same color in all size packages down to one pound cans.

106216w2 FRED HARDMAN.

A large number of Marion Knights of Pythias were at Galion on Tuesday afternoon and evening, witnessing the work of instituting Iberia lodge, by Lenape lodge of Delaware. L. H. Flocken was over late at night, and pleads guilty, it is said, to having entered a third floor hall by means of a ladder for fire escape, something [illegible] to the one that ornaments [illegible]

The Steam Shovel company shipped nine car loads of ballast [illegible] car loaded with machinery, [illegible] their large two and one-half yard shovels Tuesday over the Big Four. [illegible] shovel and two of the ballast [illegible] go to the Adirondack and St. Lawrence R. R. and seven unloaders to the New York Central. It made a train of eleven cars and attracted a good deal of attention.

Mrs. August Kraner is reported as being quite sick.

Mrs. Dr. Mouser was over from La Rue Wednesday.

John B. Williams, of Urbana, was in the city Wednesday.

C. W. Romoser is reported as recovering from his recent illness.

Miss Emma Irmer has returned home after a pleasant visit with her sister at Galion.

Mrs. Ed K. Clark and children went to Galion Wednesday, for a day's visit with her mother, Mrs. J. C. Ball.

Rev. Neal is removing his household effects and family to Bellefontaine this week, where he will hereafter reside.

Ed. Masterson was doing night duty on the police force Tuesday night, as a substitute for Officer Riley, who was at Bucyrus.

W. P. Severns, of Mansfield, spent Tuesday with friends in this city, leaving in the evening for Sidney, where he goes on a short visit.

James Hessong, of Chillicothe, was here Wednesday to attend the removal of his wife's remains, which were taken from the cemetery vault and buried.

Mrs. Geo. B. Scofield Tuesday gave a 5 o'clock tea to about twenty of Miss Carrie Wright's little lady friends, in honor of her 16th birthday anniversary.

The already large staff of assistants at the Boston has been increased by the arrival from the East, on Tuesday evening, of A. Parkin, who becomes a salesman.

Myron Browning, who has conducted a drug store at Marysville for the past year or so, has disposed of his stock and is at present the guest of his parents here.

Royal handy household paints in all colors, and varnish and furniture stains, all in half pint, pint and quart cans. Best quality. Lowest prices.

e-16&wk2 FRED HARDMAN.

Harry Miller, who has been acting as agent of the C. H. V. and T. at Radnor, visited at his home here over Tuesday night. He was sent to Owen Wednesday, where will relieve the agent for a few days.

Mrs. Priscilla Bowen and daughter, Miss Mary, arrived home Wednesday from their California visit. They have enjoyed a pleasant visit and came home via New Orleans, leaving California last Thursday.

A number of Marion's young society people have received invitations to the Pugh Videttes' military hop, to be held in Columbus, April 19. The Pugh Videttes will be remembered as Company A, the best drilled company of the Fourteenth Regiment.

The lost freight agent of the C., H. V. and T. was here Wednesday, tracing up lost freight. He found a few consignments here that had laid in the freight house since Mr. Davidson's administration as agent. The company is having all lost freight traced up.

Clarence Beiber, who a little over two months ago fell on the ice and broke his wrist, met with a very similar accident again Tuesday afternoon about 4 o'clock while romping with some companions at the court house. Clarence fell, and in doing so broke the same wrist, the fracture being just above the first one.

Rev. W. P. Hale came down from Mt. Blanchard Monday, to visit his son, Harry, who is here and his many friends, and at the same time attend to some business matters. Visits of Rev. Hale are always welcome. He was one of Marion's most able and popular ministers, and it is gratifying to know that he has been succeeding admirably at his new charge.

Latest Spring Styles for Ladies.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy; rich, not gaudy." So advises Shakespeare, and his words still furnish the best possible rule in dress. "Well-dressed women" select such styles as combine neatness with richness, and are at the same time in accordance with the prevailing fashion. The styles adopted in the Parisian Fashion Journals, published by A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York, are always neat, rich and correct. It is because of this fact that these publications have become so popular that they continue to make such rapid headway in the favor of American women. "La Mode de Paris" contains the latest and best French styles. "Album des Modes" gives the styles which are most popular in Paris. Each is 35 cents per copy, or $3.50 per year. Yearly subscribers to either of these journals are entitled to a Premium Book on "Dress-making Simplified," valued at $1.00, which book is not sold, but is given away as here indicated. "La Mode" is sold for 15 cents a copy or $1.50 per annum. Do not allow your newsdealer to substitute any other journals for these. If necessary you can be supplied with them direct from the house in New York.

The "Black Thorn" company played to poor business at Music Hall Tuesday night and the company was poorly up to the average that visit this city. There were, however, a few very creditable features in the entertainment. The dancing, singing and acting of little Mabel Bonner immensely pleased as did also the character of Walter Levison and Nellie Levison as portrayed by M. M. Murray and Miss Abbie Pierce. The company was not near equal to the one that visited this city under the same title last season.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

REMEMBERED BY THE BOYS

The Steam Shovel Employes Do Honor to One of Their Number in Their Usual Whole Souled Manner.

Last Thursday morning, bright and early, George Hancock, an employe of the "chipping department" of the Steam Shovel works, was noticed boarding a train at the Erie depot, wearing a broad smile and looking as if the world in general had a very bright appearance to him, even if it did not to some of his fellow employes. Upon inquiry it was learned that his destination was Claiborne, a small station near Richwood, and it was also learned that he was there joined in the holy ties of wedlock to a charming widow. The boys at the shop at once made arrangements to surprise the happy couple and it can certainly be said that they succeeded in a most original manner.

Monday at 7:30 p. m. the boys to the number of about one hundred, organized under the leadership of Capt. Chas. Smith, took up the line of march to the home of the newly wedded pair in West Marion. Of course the party was well supplied with musical genius and carried instruments of every description, from a tin can to a—well most anything that would make a discord. When they reached the house Capt. Smith charged his hosts and announced the band to play "That is Love," which was done in such a martial like way that it would have put the boys' ancestors of Revolutionary times to shame. The leader then ordered his troops in a stern command to enter the kitchen, where they deposited rations of tea, flour, coffee, sugar, a cradle and many other of the substantials of life. This miscellaneous deposit was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Hancock in two neat speeches by C. G. Francis and "Deacon" Cline, the silver-tongued orators, and Mr. Hancock responded in a few well chosen words, thanking his fellow-workmen for their kindness and extended to them a hearty welcome to his home. Capt. Smith then ordered the rivals of Gilmore to the porch, and they rendered "Auld Lang Syne" and a number of other selections much to the annoyance of all within hearing. After congratulations had been said to Mr. and Mrs. Hancock the crowd—not mob—departed. It was a memorable occasion, and perhaps that jolly crowd of old boys will be remembered with curses by some of the sleepy residents of that part of the city, but nevertheless it was an enjoyable event and goes to show the generosity of the employes of that company.

A DAY OF SPORT

The Athletic Club Will Give a Field Day, May 30.

The Marion Athletic Club held an enthusiastic meeting Monday evening, at which it was decided to give a field day, May 30, Decoration Day, to be made up of a programme of interesting sports. It is hoped to secure the Fair grounds for the exhibitions. The object will be to interest Marion business men, some of whom have already volunteered prizes in the way of badges, etc. The contests will be open to all amateurs. Following is the programme as it was arranged Monday evening:

Running high jump.
Two hundred and twenty yard dash.
Running broad jump.
One hundred yard dash.
Hop, step and jump.
Two hundred and twenty yard hurdle race, 52 hurdles.
Four hundred and forty yard race.
One mile bicycle race.
Three-legged race, 150 yards.
Sack race, 100 yards.
Tug of War.
Consolation race.

POSTOFFICE RECEIPTS.

Some Figures That Indicate the Business of Marion.

Through the courtesy of Postmaster Fogelson we are able to give a few figures from the Marion office that tell an interesting story, and indicate that the business of the city is still growing.

There were issued during the year which ended March 31st, 1892, 2265 money orders and 2380 postal notes. The receipts of the office from the sale of stamps and stamped paper amount in round numbers to $11,000. This is a creditable showing, and compared to neighboring cities of similar size indicates that Marion is at the front. But the best of all and which shows more directly the wonderful increase of business is the report for the month of March, just ended. The receipts for that month, in exact figures, amounted to $1,705.51, being the best sales in any one month in the history of the office.

Mr. Thatcher's Son Dead.

Master Ronal, the bright 5-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Thatcher, died at his parents' home on south West street at 2 o'clock a. m. Tuesday of scarlet fever. For two weeks little Ronal had been battling with the dreaded scarlet fever, and though his case seemed hopeless, the boy innocently and pluckily told his parents he would stay with them. But the death angel was relentless, and the spirit of the bright boy, so dear to the household, was called to it's Maker, and the home left in sorrow. Only parents who have experienced the pangs of bereavement, who have seen their hopes blasted, can fully realize the parental grief over little Ronal's death. There is sympathy extended from all sides however.

The funeral was private and took place on Wednesday.

Married.

Married March 31, 1892, at the residence of the bride's parents in Richland township, Marion county, Mr. W. H. Fiant and Miss Florence M. Saiter, by Rev. C. M. Reinhold. The Beech brass band rendered some fine music.

UNDERWEAR!

Spring and Summer Underwear in medium and light weight grades from 15c to $1.75 is now ready.

Gauze underwear, in shirts and drawers, 15c and 25c each.
Medium weight Merino, in shirts and drawers, 45c each.
Light weight balbrigan and Egyptian cotton, shirts and drawers, 50c each.
Light weight ribbed Jersey shirts and drawers, 50c each.
Light weight Fancy Stripe shirts and drawers, 50c each.
Silk finish balbrigan shirts and drawers, $1.00 each.
Extra fine medium and light weight natural wool shirts and drawers $1.50 and $1.75 each.

We think that with the above qualities at the prices mentioned we will be able to please everybody.

STRAW HATS!

22 CASES of straw hats arrived Tuesday afternoon and are now ready. All colors, all prices, all styles—white grey mixed, brown, black, tan, slate and fancy stripes, in square and round crown, flat and round rims, small and large shapes, Sailor, Yacht, Etc., for men, boys and children, from 3c to $3.00 each. A special line also in extra sizes.

All goods marked in plain figures and Strictly One Price.

SAM OPPENHEIMER, BENNETT BLOCK.

CONVINCED!

Those that have invested where the best and most reliable Suits, Spring Overcoats or Pants be had for the least price, trade at the Blue Front Clothing House. You who have not yet investigated have lost money by not doing so. Try it now.

Some Grand Values

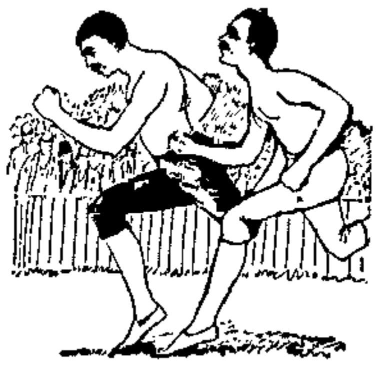
In Men's Trousers at $1.25, 1.50, 1.75, 2.00, 2.50. Hats at $1.00, elsewhere sell at $1.50. Those at $1.25 elsewhere sell at $2.00. Waists at 18c. Knee Pants at 19c. Special value this week in shirts! Shirts sold at 40c and 50c this week for 25c. Shirt and Tie for 40c, worth 75c.

Pay you to call and you then will be a future customer at the BLUE FRONT CLOTHING HOUSE.

An Elegant Line of Confirmation and Communion Suits, Hats, Gloves, Etc.

BLUE FRONT CLOTHING HOUSE,

Opposite Hotel Marion, - - - - - - - Marion, O.



STRIVING FOR THE LEAD.

We long ago gave up striving for the lead in Hardware, because it is conceded that we have it. In fact we are too far ahead for any rivalry.

In Spring goods we are showing the Champion and National Step Ladders, for house cleaning, paper hanging, etc. They are the Lightest, Strongest and Most Durable Step Ladders on the market today. These Ladders are all full height, that is, five, six, seven or eight feet.

J. HOOD & SON,
MASONIC BLOCK.

Married.

DAY—ANDERSON—At 412 Cherry street, April 2, 1892, by Rev. J. L. Hensley, Mr. Will Day and Miss Lydia Anderson, both of Marion county.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

Summer Underwear!

SPECIAL SALE THIS WEEK.

Our entire line of Summer Underwear is now on sale.

8 cents—Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests, Special Value.
10 cents—Ladies' Jersey Vests, Full Fashioned.
15 cents—Ladies' Ribbed Vests, Egyptian Cotton.
25 cents—Ladies' English Ribbed, Non Shrinking.
35 cents—Ladies' Swiss Ribbed, Lace Nick.
10 cents—A full line of Children's Ribbed Goods.

Summer Hosiery!

10c—Fast Black English Ribbed, for boys.
5c—Fast Black, for Ladies and Children.
25c—Royal Stainless, a great bargain.

Our Ever Popular "ELECTRIC" Brand, and a full line of the LINWORTH Hosiery for Ladies, Children and Men.

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An ink which we can honestly recommend is CARTER'S.

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NYE ON DIVORCES.

THEY ARE NOT WHAT THEY ARE CRACKED UP TO BE.

A Soulful Letter from One Who Is Tired of Single Blessedness and Would Fain Wed—A Possible Suitor in the Shape of a Baldheaded Stranger.

[Copyright, 1892, by Edgar W. Nye.]

IN THE DIVORCE COUNTRY, March.

Sioux Falls is too good and too great to be known abroad as the headquarters for quick divorce. We were shown at the Cataract House the various plaintiffs and defendants.

The trial of these cases affords interesting entertainment for man and beast. The Baroness de Stears was waiting around the court house watching the divorce works and ever and anon sticking a fork in her decree to see if it was done. Her husband said that she was crazy, and tried to put her in a retreat. She has him on the run, however, as this goes to press.

BETWEEN THE PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT.

According to the baroness, who is a tall, handsome woman, the baron used to open the exercises of the day by reversing his cuffs and ejaculating to his wife, "I wish I had never married you!"

I met a man who was here as a witness. He said he resided here.

"And how does witnessing pay here?" I inquired.

"Very well," he said; "very well in most cases. I have a comfortable home here now, all made as a witness in divorce cases. Sometimes I act as a witness and again as a juror. Formerly I was an actor. I played the doom in an emotional play one year and returned to Chicago very much broken in health. I applied to a physician, giving him my card and telling him my symptoms. He looked at me keenly, then he read my card and said:

"'You have made a mistake. The place where they cure hams is farther down the street.'

"I have since that abandoned the stage to its fate."

I have decided that a lack of suitable employment has much to do with these divorces in high life. If the husband had to saw wood or jerk an engine over 500 miles of mortgaged roadbed every day, and could come home tired and hungry six days in the week instead of loading himself up with spirits and club scandal, he would probably be able to put more money into stock and less into alimony.

It is the same on the other side of the house. It is no fresh discovery that Satan's intelligence office supplies more work for the unemployed than any other place.

The life of the party to an action for divorce here is indeed a bleak one. Plaintiff and defendant at Sioux Falls live at the same hotel because it is the best one. There they mope around, waiting for their turn at court, and glare at each other across their fruit meringue. Different cases do not get acquainted much with each other, each regarding his or her case as exceptionally aggravated, while the others of course are mere disgraceful cat and dog fights.

I did not see the Baron de Steurs, but I saw his successor. Being a baron, as a Dakota man said yesterday, is not always the snap that it is regarded by the masses. The heart of a baron may be at times cast down even as others are. A cold hearthstone around which are clustered the slippers of another person no doubt chills the heart of a baron just as it would the heart of one who is in trade.

I sometimes think that possibly I have hurt the baron business in this country by a light and flippant manner in referring to some of our struggling barons, but I am sorry for it now. Barons who mean to do right will always find in me hereafter a warm friend, patron and chaperon.

Miss McSwellan Woertz writes a letter from a postoffice in New Hampshire which I cannot make out. She says:

DEAR SIR—Pardon a stranger from thus addressing you, no doubt, as your time is all taking up and you hate, I dare say, to be tendered with the cares of others people, but I am so situated that I must write or talk to some one.

My life thus far has been a Perlick hell. You cannot understand it with the sun of prosperity shining on you pro and con, but with me it is no chimera. It is real. Oh, I have prayed to die and be shet of the whole business, but Providence seemed to have it in for me.

My father married injudiciously and has always hated me because I am so little like him. How can I resemble papa by request? I cannot resemble people on such short notice. I cannot resemble people while they wait.

Even if I could resemble pa I would not do it. He is plain and chews hard tobacco. He said it is just as sordid as it can be. Once a man called pa a Pessymist and pa hit his ear off. He was sorry for it afterward, because while in jail a kind hearted lady showed pa the dictionary and he saw that he was too hasty.

I lost my mother last week. Tonic and bichloride of gold killed her. And so at the age of twenty-nine years I am motherless, and I never did look well in mourning. I hate it. I look like a campdorated widow. Father threatens to marry again. This time he will marry into the army—the Salvation Army. She is a peri from away back. She sings "Come to Jesus," and the teams then run away and break things.

But father loves her. I can see that. He can't keep his eyes off from her. You ought to see her on the street singing at eventide, marching through the mud. It would make you [illegible] before the way they [illegible]. She [illegible] and [illegible] but I [illegible] to [illegible] I [illegible] on [illegible].

[illegible], Mr. Nye, if [illegible]? I [illegible] what [illegible] on earth. After what I have [illegible] of marriage you can see that I look upon it [illegible], yet I believe I could [illegible] good deal happier. Do you not think so? Do you know such a man? Or is not a real good man, one [illegible] I could reach?

[illegible] I [illegible] many different people one time and another, especially young men of your own age. How would it do for you to throw them in my way? I send carte de visite, also carte blanche, of a picture of myself taking a [illegible] of Jolly [illegible] face. I do my hair different now, and I have quit wearing prunella shoes except in hot weather. Friends say I have greatly improved since this picture was struck off.

I was never sick a day in my life, and can eat anything that is set before me. I am fond of children and buckwheat cakes.

Tell me what I should do to escape this living death in the home nest. What do you think of advertising for a correspondent? I hate to write my soul throbs to a man of whom I have never seen. Do you know what to do to remove superfluous hair? I am afraid that a mustache is budding on my face, and though I do not mind it now, I know it will mortify me when I get old. If there is anything gives me a pain it is to see an old lady going down to her grave in an iron gray mustache.

Write to me, Mr. Nye, if you can, for I am practically an orphan, and if I were to take a wrong step no matter writing to you, if you do not reply you would never forgive yourself, would you? Yours with love,

LAURA McSWELLAN WOERTZ.

P.S. I understand voice culture and embalming, also interior decorations and butchering. I could make some man's home all aglow with gladness if I had his love and an order on the store. Please do not cast this letter aside with petulant exclamation, but manage somehow to get my address into the paper and I will knit you a big handsome clouded blue zephyr tippet for next winter. Can you judge one's nature by the handwrite?

L. M. W.

DEAR LAURA—Your letter regarding penmanship and also tackling obtruse questions regarding the great why, and laying hold on the mysterious because, was duly received through the personal influence of Mr. Wanamaker.

I hardly know how to answer you fully and succinctly, and I would hate to write you and then feel afterward that the letter was not succinct. I would judge from your letter that you are naturally full of sparkle and elastic gayety, but had been kept back and stepped on and bruised by Fate and thrown down, and ill fortune has, as I may say, hit you in the door. Excuse plain words, for I am a plain man, plain and simple. I make a specialty of both of these features.

Your letter and composition would indicate that you could make some good man deliriously happy if you would. You would have to use judgment, of course, about letting this happiness dawn on him too suddenly. You should sort of mentally unfold to him day by day, as it were, so that he can get acclimated. That would be my advice.

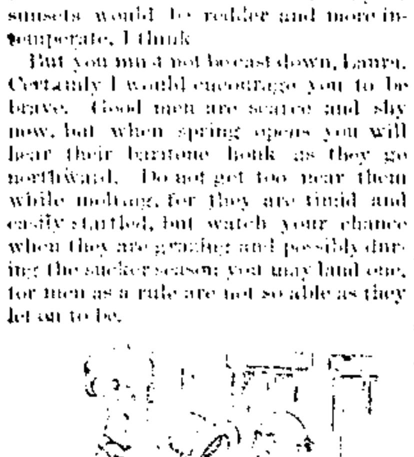
Do not let him mentally founder himself. It might give him brain colic, and nothing is more disagreeable than for an intellectual bride to have to walk the floor of nights with a groom who has overloaded his thinker and has acidity and water brash on the brain.

Be careful, Laura, to dawn on him easy, like an October morning. Do not burst on him like the unexpected return of an American husband who said he was going to be away all night, but steal in on his darkened soul like a footpad in York state. Sort of grow on him, like a beautiful lichen or edible fungus. Cling to him, as Deuteronomy would say, like a pup to a root.

You are of a kindly nature, and would also shine in the household. I would say that, judging by your handwriting, you would make a good jell cake with frosting on it if reverses came. Also that you would turn out a good clinker built pie, while in the matter of needlework and rag carpets you would arouse the envy and malice of the great maestros and artists.

The acoustics of your rag carpets would awaken a new interest in explosives. You would not be content with imitating nature in your art. You would make foliage a good deal greener than nature has ever dared to do, and your sunsets would be redder and more intemperate, I think.

But you must not be cast down, Laura. Certainly I would encourage you to be brave. Good men are scarce and shy now, but when spring opens you will hear their baritone honk as they go northward. Do not get too near them while molting, for they are timid and easily startled, but watch your chance when they are grazing and possibly during the sucker season you may land one, for men as a rule are not so able as they let on to be.



THE MAN WHO MIGHT DO.

I saw a man yesterday whom I thought at the time would fall an easy prey if you had been near by with a good tamarack hook baited with red flannel.

He was a real bald man. You could see at a glance that it was not assumed. He [illegible] had a slight dash of hair, a stamp pad [illegible] of self reliant jute [illegible] recklessly on the sub-arbor [illegible] of each ear and wandering along down around the base [illegible] patches of sage [illegible] freckles on his hectic neck. I never speak lightly of a baldheaded man. I [illegible] I always say to myself, "No man knows when he may be that way himself." But this man whom I picked out for you was a clear case. There was no help for it. It was one of these confirmed cases of premature baldness at the age of seventy-nine, [illegible] sitting too close to the footlights in order to follow the life [illegible] of the opera, or [illegible] from wearing one's hat [illegible] in the house.

Bill Nye

The Lawyer Pressed the Button.

A New York lawyer who was on a sleeper the other night unwittingly caused something of a stir among his fellow passengers. Every one had gone to sleep and nothing arose to disturb the slumbers of the travelers until about 3 a.m. Then the bell in the porter's room began to ring. It was one of those rings which settled down to hard work at once and, as they say, just do nothing but saw wood. It was a steady, perfectly contested ring. Soon it became apparent that it was no sprinter, but a long distance champion, for it rang and rang, as only an electric bell can ring to wreck men's nerves. Some one in the end of the car wakened and groaned:

"For heaven's sake, stop that racket! If you want the porter, go out and get him. Don't wake the whole car up."

But the ringing continued.

"For heaven's sake," cried a little man, leaping into the aisle, his hair standing on end, "What's the matter; is the hotel on fire?"

The bell sawed wood steadily.

"Stop that ringing!" bawled a full lunged man, sticking his head out between the curtains and glaring savagely at the little man.

A baby woke up and began to howl. Its mother tried to calm it and its father swore like a trooper. He threatened to have the life of the man who was making that "infernal noise," and the bell blazed away as merrily as if it were a twenty-four hour alarm clock.

Everybody in the car awakened except two people—the porter and the New York lawyer. Then a delegation started to the porter's room to assassinate him. They found him dozing peacefully on a seat, while the bell was now carrying on its work with the regularity of a patent circular saw warranted never to stop. The wrathful passengers decided that before they cut the porter's throat it would be wise to have him stop that bell. They pulled him to his feet, and shouted in his ear and when he opened his eyes they yelled:

"Bell! Stop the bell! Stop that bell!"

The porter went down to the lawyer's berth and stuck his head between the curtains.

"Did you ring, sah?" he asked. There was no answer from the lawyer, though the bell kept up its ringing, while the baby ran a rival noisemaking factory and the angry father invented magnificent swear words.

"Did you ring, sah?" repeated the porter, and the nervous mother began to sob.

But the lawyer slept sweetly, one knee, which had evidently moved against the panel in the night, pressing the button of the electric bell, and it and the baby did the rest.—New York Tribune.

His Ultimatum.

"Madeline, will you marry me?"

His voice had a husky, appealing sound, his heart thumped audibly and his knees had got beyond his control.

"No, Horace, I will not."

"This, then is your final answer, is it, Madeline?"

"It is, Horace. I am sorry I cannot."

"This is the end of all my fond hopes, the waking from the dream I have been dreaming, and the winding up of the fool's paradise in which I have dwelt for the last three months, eh?"

"I suppose it is, Horace, but do not be utterly cast down," said the young woman soothingly. "Time softens all our griefs and turns sorrow into joy. In the future, Horace, when the pain of this refusal shall have"—

"Miss Smuckers," he exclaimed, rising with dignity, as became a man who had received a temporary backset, but had recovered himself, "talk not to me of the future. It may have its consolations, its joys and its repose, but it cannot reawaken old delusions. Henceforth, Miss Smuckers," he added, reaching for his hat and cane and moving with unruffled self possession toward the door, "I can never be anything more to you than a brother."—Exchange.

No Pickles.

A lady who has the good fortune to be a friend of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes relates a little anecdote of the first time she asked a favor from him as an author. She had just completed a book for children, and Dr. Holmes kindly consented to read the manuscript.

When it was returned to her after his perusal she naturally looked it over with eagerness and anxiety, in haste to see what criticisms or corrections her distinguished friend had made. She turned page after page, but found no erasure, mark nor marginal note, until at length, nearly at the end of the story, she came to a single neatly penciled line in Dr. Holmes' fine handwriting.

It was placed against a passage upon which she had rather prided herself, a vivid description of the picnic feast of a group of children in a grove.

First reading the paragraph to see if she herself could find anything amiss, she next read what he had written. It was this:

"Don't let these children eat pickles!" —Youth's Companion.

Explained.

Frank—Do ye know, I heard the other day that the blocks from which they print these [illegible] bills in America take [illegible] to [illegible].

Ethel—Oh, really! I suppose that's why they're so expensive, daddy.

Every Man Has His Price.

Miss P[illegible]—Do you think you could [illegible] if I gave you ten cents?

Little [illegible]—No, ma. But I'm sure I could if you gave me a quarter.—Epoch.

A TALE OF ANTIQUITY.

A Vision of the Horrible Future Taken From the Past.

The primeval forest!

Rank and luxuriant grew the vegetation first springing into being under the ardent rays of a tropical sun. Tall, stately trees waved to and fro in an atmosphere of perpetual summer, and down through the shimmering vistas and leafy glades rose to view dense jungles of clinging plants that strove to mount to the blazing sunshine overhead by winding in tangled mazes about the trunks and branches of the forest monarchs.

Happy four footed denizens of the trackless wilderness leaped from bough to bough in the careless abandon and wild, unchecked freedom of nature's own children, chattering, with the flowing, unkempt locks of a modern virtuoso, their cheery, ceaseless, staccato music; and in the ecstatic warbling of the feathered songsters that flitted about in the topmost branches of the trees there was no melancholy premonition of any long, bewildering series of farewell concerts.

From the depths of a somber avenue of impenetrable greenery, whose dark shadows invited the weary to repose, the stertorous breathing of a disturbed sleeper broke upon the pulseless air.

Then a voice rang out through the solitudes:

"Oh, I have had such a horrible, frightful dream!"

It was the father of the family who spoke.

Securely embowered in the modest yet primitive habitation to which he was accustomed to repair when weary of society and its demands upon him, he had laid his tired head down to rest, and sleep had descended upon him.

"It was horrible!" he repeated, with a shudder.

"What was it?" inquired his faithful companion soothingly.

"Yet it was only a dream!" he exclaimed, trying to shake off the gloomy impression it had made upon his excited sensibilities. "Only a dream—but how vivid!"

He passed his hand across his eyes, shook himself and said:

"Listen. I dreamed that countless ages had rolled away. These grand old forests had vanished, and ugly rows of dirty brown and gray dwellings covered the land. Narrow passages called streets, paved with slippery granite blocks or bottomless with mud and slime, crossed each other at right angles. The dwellings were dark, gloomy, tall and a cloud of smoke hung over everything."

"Did anybody live in the dwellings?" inquired his spouse.

"Thousands—hundreds of thousands! They called it living. Cooped up in these boxlike structures was a multitude of the strangest looking creatures imaginable. Pale, emaciated, some with hair on their faces and some without, they trooped down the horrible streets in the morning and back in the evening. They walked upright, to be sure, and some of them carried sticks in their hands, but seemed to have no use for them. One-half of the population seemed to be two legged. These two legged creatures did not dress alike. Some of them wore high, shiny things on their heads, held burning things that smelled villainously in their mouths, had loose coverings about their bodies, wide, flapping garments, with creases up and down them on their legs, and black, glistening things on their feet that pinched and made them limp. Others of these two legged creatures were dressed exactly alike, and sometimes they would walk along like machines, two or four abreast, looking solemn and forbidding, while a few smaller ones in front pounded round things with little sticks and made a horrid noise. It was one of their ways of amusing themselves."

"How about the other half of the population?"

"They wore their hair in front just like yours, my dear, with little shapeless things on the backs of their heads, and garments that came down to the ground and scraped the streets. I could not see that there was any other way of cleaning the streets, but it seemed to me a poor way. The garments were always dirty at the bottom and the streets never got any cleaner. These creatures seemed to have two feet, the same as the other, but I was not sure. Their bodies were pinched at the waist, and when they walked along they appeared to be always in danger of breaking in two"—

"Don't say anything more about them, Jocko! It is too horrible! Who were these creatures?"

"I dreamed, my dear," he said, with a shudder, "they were our descendants!"

So saying, he wrapped his tail on the limb below, swung himself to the ground, and with a dismal wail he disappeared in the trackless jungle.—Chicago Tribune.

Paving the Way.

Young Gentleman (drops on his knees at the feet of a lady)—My dear Miss X—, our respective fathers having come to terms on the money question, I now venture to inform you that I love you to distraction!—Saphirs Witzblatt.

From the German.

Lieutenant—I should like very much to have a leave of absence for three days.

Colonel—Going to a picnic?

"Yes, colonel, we are going to have a little fishing party out in the woods."

"Going to be ladies in the party?"

"Yes, colonel, quite a number of ladies will be in the party."

"You can go and I hope you will enjoy yourself, but for heaven's sake, young man, be careful. It was on just such an innocent picnic that I came to be gobbled up by the old lady in there." —Texas Siftings.

Plenty of Time.

New York Man (in Philadelphia horse car)—What is that crowd in the block ahead of us?

Conductor—There's a wagon broke down on the track.

New York Man—Won't that detain us?

Conductor—It will when we get there. —Truth.

A Solemn Joker.

An Indianapolis society man played a mean trick during the sleighing season, and the young lady hasn't spoken to him since. They had been old friends for a long time, and it was natural that they should carelessly drive away from the madding crowd on Meridian street and explore the country roads. After they had gotten out about three miles away from anywhere, the gentleman startled his companion by suddenly looking her in the eye and remarking:

"Miss Nellie, we have been friends for a long time, and I know you have perfect confidence in me. But here we are, far away from everybody, where no one could hear you if you should cry out"—

The frightened young woman was on the verge of springing from the sleigh, but she was even more astounded than frightened and before she could gather her wits he continued:

"Now, Miss Nellie, I want to beg of you the privilege of one sweet—smoke! May I light a cigar?" And he never even smiled.—Indianapolis Journal.

As Gobblers Do.

The pulpit manners of clergymen are so exempt from frank public criticism that many a man here continues all his life in faults of delivery that he might have corrected had he been plainly told of them. In one such case a little girl was instrumental in curing a famous American preacher of an affectingly pompous air.

His habit was to pause at the end of each division of his discourse, look impressively upon the pews, take a breath so very long that it seemed to increase his size, and then go on with an air of the utmost importance.

One Sunday this good man paused after his "secondly" for an unusually long time. Little Jane, who had been trying to keep awake, moved as though greatly relieved.

But the clergyman had not finished. He was about getting ready for another "head" when little Jane audibly whispered, "Oh, mamma, he's going to blow himself up again!"—Youth's Companion.

His Confederates.

A man had robbed a bank, but instead of running away he applied a part of his gains to securing the services of "eminent counsel." This he did with such good judgment that he secured an acquittal. When he was free to turn his attention to the next bank, and the lawyer (who had received his pay) was free to return to the Sunday school class he was accustomed to guide in the ways of virtue, they paused as if by mutual consent, and the eminent man said to his recent client:

"By the way, did you have any confederates in your recent enterprise?"

"Yes," said the robber, "I had two men in it with me."

"Who were they?" asked the lawyer.

"I," said the burglar, "you and another man."—Boston Transcript.

She Was Posted.

"Children are funny things," writes a correspondent. "I was hunting for the hammer not long since and was getting out of patience. After inquiring of the boys who of course knew nothing about it, my little Ruth four years old, looked up into my face and, beaming with a smile as bright and soft as heaven, said:

"'Pa, I know where the hammer is.'

"I patted her on the head and told her she was the smartest one of the whole lot, and then I asked her, 'Where is it, darling?' to which she replied:

"'It's lost.'"—Man of the World.

His Unexpected Raise.

"I have a friend," said Fogs to Bogs one day, "who is employed in a peculiar way. He is likely to get an unexpected raise at any time, and still he is not placed so as to appreciate it when he gets it."

"Strange, indeed," Bogs returned; "what on earth is he doing?"

"Working in a powder mill."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Improving a Dog.

Lady—Why did you have your dog's tail cut off?

Boy—To make him more affectionate.

Lady—Hem! Did that do it?

Boy—Yes'm. He can wag all the time now without gettin tired.—Good News.

HE HAD A LOOLOO.

He Learned a Little Peculiarity of the National Game.

It was in a gambling place in a western town. The tenderfoot from Chicago had taken to the warpath, and announced his determination of relieving a few of the miners of what spare change they happened to have about them. Without much trouble he found a victim who was willing to try a hand or two at poker. Luck followed the stranger from the start, and he won steadily. Finally he drew four aces, and after the stakes had been run up to a comfortable figure he magnanimously refused to bet further.

"This is downright robbery," he exclaimed, "and I don't want to end the game here by bankrupting you. So here goes." He threw down four aces and reached for the money.

"Hold on!" cried his antagonist. "I'll take care of the dust if you please."

"But I held four aces—see?"

"Well, what of it? I've got a looloo."

"A what?"

"A looloo—three clubs and two diamonds."

The stranger was dazed. "A looloo," he repeated. "Well, what is a looloo, anyway?"

"Three clubs and two diamonds," coolly replied the gambler, raking in the stakes. "I guess you aren't accustomed to our poker rules out here. See there."

As he spoke he jerked his thumb toward a pasteboard card which ornamented the wall of the saloon. It read:

A LOOLOO
BEATS FOUR ACES.

The game proceeded, but it was plainly evident that the unsophisticated young tiger hunter had something on his mind. Within five minutes he suddenly braced up, his face was wreathed in smiles, and he began betting once more with his former vigor and recklessness. In fact, he staked his last dollar on his hand.

Just at this juncture the barkeeper hung up another card.

The stranger threw down his cards with an exultant whoop. "It's my time to howl just about now!" he cried as he reached for the money. "There's a looloo for you—three clubs and two diamonds."

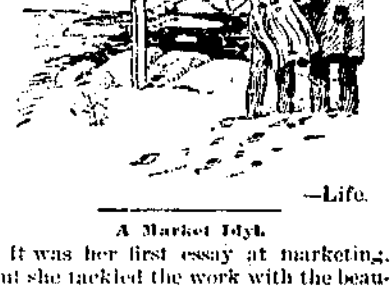
"Tut, tut!" exclaimed the miner. "Really, this is too bad. You evidently don't understand our rules at all. You don't mean to tell me you play poker in such a fast and loose, slipshod way down east, do you? Why, look at that rule over there."

He pointed directly over the head of the barkeeper. The Chicagoan read his doom in the handwriting on the wall. It was the Belshazzar case over again. The bit of pasteboard bore this legend:

THE LOOLOO CAN BE PLAYED
BUT ONCE A NIGHT.

The young man has not reached home yet, but as the walking is said to be pretty fair nowadays he will be due in Chicago about the middle of next week —Chicago Mail.

Unappreciated.



—Life.

A Market Idyl.

It was her first essay at marketing, but she tackled the work with the beautiful hardihood of youth and inexperience.

"Have you canvasback ducks?" she inquired of the man in the stall.

"Yes, miss, and they are beauties, and mighty scarce at this time of year. An I've got mallards and redheads too."

"You may cut me off three-quarters of a yard of the canvasback," she said, in her clear, classic tones; "and cut it diagonally, so that it will not ravel," and she looked about for the yardstick to see that he did not cheat her in measurement.—Detroit Free Press.

Preparing for Emergencies.

Mr. Howell (of the firm of Gettup & Howell)—James, is there any crape in the store?

Clerk—Plenty of it, sir.

Mr. Howell—You may tie a piece of it on the doorknob, put up the shutters, lock up everything securely and go home.

"No news of any death, I hope."

(Gloomily) "Not yet, but there probably will be before night. The gas bill has come."—Chicago Tribune.

Her Aim to Please.

Mrs. Greatehum—How can you wear that glaring bonnet, my love? I never liked it.

Mrs. Toosweet—My husband likes it, and as long as I please him I don't care.

(Intermission of two hours.)

Mr. Toosweet—Can't we have a little of that quince preserve for tea tonight, Clarissa?

Mrs. T.—Not much! That's for company.—Harper's Bazar.

Breaking It Gently.

Foreman (quarry gang)—It's sad news Oi hov fur yez, Mrs. McGaharraghty. Y'r husband's new watch is broken. It waz a foine watch, an it's smashed all to paces.

Mrs. McG.—Dearie me! How did it happen?

Foreman—A ten ton rock fell on 'im. —New York Weekly.

One Is Enough.

"So," he said sadly, "you refuse me on account of my poverty?"

"No," she replied in sensible tones. "No, it is not on that account."

"Then why is it?"

"On account of my own."—Detroit Free Press.

Wealth in a Miser's Chest.

John Donner, a miserly farmer, who lived alone in his house four miles south of Canton, O., died Monday. Relatives, in examining his effects, found an old chest securely locked. It was broken open and $5,000 in gold, silver and currency was found.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Sure Sign.

Dr. Bumps (a phrenologist)—This boy, madam, will never die in state's prison.

Mrs. Hinks—I'm sure we ought to be thankful for that.

Dr. Bumps—Yes, the bump of longevity is highly developed; he will live to serve out his time.—Truth.

Diamonds Are Trumps

In this little scene from the romance of Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds as related by

Julian Hawthorne

It is one of this accomplished author's most interesting stories. Read it in this paper.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

WHERE DOLLARS ARE MADE.

The line of the QUEEN & CRESCENT ROUTE through Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabamy, Mississippi and Louisiana offers greater opportunities to

Settlers, Manufacturers

AND

General Business Enterprises

Than any other part of the U. S. Vast bodies of

Coal, Iron, Timber and Farm Lands,

ALSO

Thousands of Acres of Long Leaf Yellow Pine for Sale Cheap.

This road runs through the thriving towns of Lexington, Danville and Somerset, Ky.; Rockwood, Harriman and Chattanooga, Tenn.; Ft. Payne, Attalla, Birmingham, and Tuscaloosa, Ala.; Meridian, Hattiesburg, Jackson, and Vicksburg, Miss.; New Orleans, Delhi, Monroe, and Shreveport, Ala. Some of the new towns will donate money and land to locate Manufacturing enterprises.

The Railroad Company will make low rates for Passengers and Freight, and afford investors every opportunity to examine the different localities. If necessary, will send a representative with the party.

Full particulars, and any required information, will be sent by mail on application to

D. G. EDWARDS, G. P. and T. Agt., Q. and C. Route, Cincinnati, O.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE BOSTON.

Saturday, March 9th.

Dress goods are in great demand just now. Everybody in search of something novel and nice. Keeping the largest stock in central Ohio we have no difficulty in pleasing the hundreds of ladies who continually throng our Dress Goods counters. Over 250 square feet of counter room devoted to Dress Goods alone and yet at times we find the space plenty small enough.

BEDFORD CORDS in all shades will be worn very much for spring and summer.

SUBLIME is a fabric being part silk and part wool. It has a beautiful silky finish and yet is very soft and pliable. Sold only at this store.

HENRIETTAS AND CASHMERES still retain their well deserved popularity and sell rapidly in tans, greys, blues, browns and modes

Novelties in Broadway Stripes, Vandyke suitings, Jeweled patterns, etc, are being picked up rapidly.

Summer silks are cutting fast. We are showing a very fine line in fifty different patterns at 39c a yard, well worth 50c. Better qualities, of course a trifle more money. Black silks are ever popular and serviceable. We have

Surah,
Faille,
Peau de Soie,
Armure,
China,
Marguerite,
Satin Rhadama,
American Favorite,
India,
Gros Grain,

And the famous hand woven Habutai silk. We guarantee every silk we sell—something unusual but we do it just the same.

Ladies' wraps are selling rapidly at our prices.

Wash goods are cutting fast, its the season to buy them. Send for samples of anything in the store.

THE BOSTON ONE-PRICE

DRY GOODS STORE,
201 and 203 East Center Street,
Marion. Ohio.

Thos. Coulton, Pres. W. B. Hurd, Mgr.

FOR RENT OR SALE—Eighty-two acres of good land, three miles east of Galion, on the Mansfield road. For rent only for cash rent. Inquire of C. Bader, 130 Boulevard street, Marion, Ohio

FOR SALE—Fifty-six acre farm near Agosta, at a bargain. See Chase & Hunter, Marion, Ohio 3tf

FOR SALE—The Wm. Kinnamon farm of 93 acres will be sold by me as assignee, on reasonable terms and at a reasonable price. Model house and barn. It is an ideal farm home, less than a mile east of Caledonia. Inquire of J. N. Campbell, assignee, Caledonia, Ohio. w4wks.

MONEY TO LOAN at 6 and 6½ per cent upon farm and city property. No insurance, no commission, no discount required.
37wtf FISHER & VANFLEET.

WANTED—150 tons of good, bright timothy hay, baled, on track at Marion or points taking Marion rate.
dawk M. E. BURKE.

FOR SALE—Pure-bred Light Brahma chickens and eggs, at 584 north Main street, Marion, Ohio. 117t6

School Building Site Purchased.

Secretary Ault, of the school board, Tuesday filed the deed for the land purchased for the site of the new school building on Silver street, which is to be erected this summer. The site consists of 1½ acres of ground, lying just east of the present Silver street building, on the north side of the street. The board pays $1500 for the land. The owners of the land, Mrs. Mary Retterer and heirs refused to accept this amount, but about the time condemnation proceedings were ready for filing they changed their minds and agreed to accept the offer.

CHASE & HUNTER,

REAL ESTATE DEALERS.

S. E. corner public square.

1. One of the finest new houses, and locations, on West street, on Gospel Hill—nearly two lots—good new barn, waterworks, etc., for the small sum of $3000

2. Business lot on west Center, 50x155, for $2000, only.

3. Now is the time to buy Boulevard property, north of Canal street.

4. Central east Center street property, $6000.

CHASE & HUNTER.

LOCAL NEWS

Mrs. W. H. McClure left Friday morning for a week's visit with Columbus friends.

Miss Minnie Roberts is at home from a two weeks' pleasant visit with Chicago friends.

C. A. Allen, superintendent of the Erie, was in the city a short time Thurs- on business.

Mr. and Mrs. Mudge and Mrs. J. M. Davidson returned Wednesday night from Celina.

Mrs. Haberly, of Cleveland, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Schneider, on north Main street.

J. Strawmeyer, of Fostoria, was in the city Thursday consulting Dr. Rhu in regard to ear trouble with which he is suffering.

The young ladies of the German M. E. church at this early date have begun the arrangements for their Easter Sunday services.

The Marion Presbytery and Woman's Presbyterial Missionary society will be held at Delaware, Ohio, April 12th and 13th. The opening sermon will be by Rev. N. A. Shedd at 7:30 p. m. on the 12th instant.

Alpheus Stiffler, who was operated upon four or five weeks ago for appendicitis, at his home south of this city, is recovering, being able to sit up. His recovery is watched with unusual interest as the case is a remarkable one.

The Galion Leader tells of a peculiar birth at Martel, this county. A child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Bert Demery which weighed but one and one half pounds with clothing upon it, and it lived several days. The child was minus an arm, however, and was otherwise deformed.

Today's Ohio State Journal says that Henry Kilbourne, general yardmaster of the Columbus, Shawnee and Hocking in this city, will have charge of the first construction train on the Columbus and Sandusky Short Line. It seems as if work was to begin immediately on the construction.

Galion Public Spirit: Talk about a mile a minute! Why, Sam Rule pulled Big Four train 17 out of this city the other day and stopped in Marion in just twenty-one and a half minutes, making two slow-ups for precaution. The distance is twenty and eight-tenth miles. It was a good run.

The coroner over in Morrow county has rendered a verdict that Ren Gano, the murderer who suicided after his conviction, died from hysteria. This is a good one. It is a smasher. Jailers hereafter must watch their hysterical murderers. Maybe that day in church intensified Gano's hysteria. That is a funny case.

John Hickle and Hattie Allion, the Wyandot county couple who were married at the Fair at Upper Sandusky last fall, and received a wagon load of presents for the exhibition, are reported as being very, very unhappy. Proceedings for divorce are expected. Thus a great county fair chestnut attraction is likely to fall into disrepute.

Poor business and a good show is the story in brief of Frank Jones' appearance in "Our Country Cousin," at Music Hall, Wednesday evening. While the play is not new, the company was so well balanced and good all round that the performance went off with a vim that was refreshing, and probably in its entertaining features happily surprised even the small audience that was present.

Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Wallace arrived home Wednesday, after about two months' stay at their winter home on Merritt island, Florida. Mr. Wallace recently sold his cottage facing the Indian river, but still retains one of the handsomest sites fronting that beautiful river, and it is probable that he will adorn it with a new cottage, more attractive than the old. No citizen of Marion spends more pleasant winters than Mr. Wallace.

To one passing through this city it must be strikingly noticeable that Marion is amply provided with vehicles to convey visitors from the depots to the hotels and various parts of the city, and if not noticed it is not the fault of those who have the hacks in charge. But these conveyances seem to be doing a good business and it appears that there are not more than enough to satisfy the demands of the traffic in that particular line here.

Cardington Independent: A fatal runaway accident occurred in Canaan township on Wednesday of last week. The particulars are about as follows: Frederick Miller had hitched up his team to draw a load of wood, when one of the horses took a balky spell in the lane. In some way in the effort to start the animal Mr Miller was kicked, thrown against the fence, and then fell under or in front of the wagon, the wheels passing over his body. The injuries received were such that he died the following day. He was aged 77 years.

George Feidner, driver of the hose cart team, was summoned before 'Squire McNally Wednesday on a warrant issued on the affidavit of George Kraner, charging him with assault and battery committed near Music Hall Tuesday night. Feidner waived examination and was bound over to common pleas court under $500 bonds. The difficulty arose by Kraner and some companions climbing upon a house to see the performance in Music Hall. Feidner's family reside near the hall by which he became interested in having the custom, which is an old and annoying one, stopped, thus the dispute between be and Kraner.

Grant Holmes and George W. King made a business trip to Indianapolis, Friday.

Miss Alice Edwards left Friday morning for Columbus on a visit for a couple of days.

Mrs. Ed. K Clark is making a visit at the home of her mother, Mrs. Ruhl at Galion.

Gene Burrough has returned here from Delaware, and is again on duty at the Hotel Marion.

Dr. Howald and I. I. Jacobs were up from Prospect Thursday night to attend the Elks' meeting.

The board of agriculture met Thursday afternoon and revised the premium list of the fall exhibition.

Mrs. George Neidhardt, residing south of the city, is lying quite sick, with but little hopes for recovery.

Charles Thomas, a telegraph operator on an Indiana road, was the guest of his brother, Ed. Thomas, in this city, Thursday.

The earnings of the Columbus, Hocking Valley and Toledo for March were $232,775, an increase of $8093 compared with March 1891.

Janitor Jones is renovating the Central school building and making every preparation for the opening of the spring term next Monday.

Little Helen Cramer arrived here Thursday from Cleveland and is a guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Whipps, on north Main street.

Budge Bartram came up from Columbus Wednesday noon to attend the funeral services of Master Raoul Thatcher, returning to Columbus in the evening.

Miss Lotta Bean returned to her home in Greenville, Pa., after a pleasant visit here. She had been visiting in Chicago and stopped over here for a week.

Mrs. Sweney, Mrs. Rhu and son Herman left Thursday for Cleveland. Herman will remain and resume his studies at the Western Reserve university.

The installation of officers occurred at the B. P. O. Elks' hall Thursday night and was followed by a banquet at the Busy Bee. It was a very enjoyable affair.

Mrs. Daniel Shea, of Corry, Pa., who has been visiting Mrs. Wm. Hogan on west Center street, and Mrs. Kate Boucher, on Oak street, has returned to her home.

George Feidner went before 'Squire McNally Thursday afternoon and plead guilty to the charge of assault and battery as preferred by George Kraner, and was fined $1 and costs.

The best and cheapest lawn mowers, lawn rakes, step ladders, household paints, varnish, brushes and garden tools at FRED HABERMAN'S.
117etdaw

W. F. Faggen, advance agent for Barnum & Baily, was in the city Thursday, making preparations for bill boards, etc., for one of that attraction's advance cars, which is to arrive here next week.

Engineer Ross, of the Erie and well known here, and who so often run into this place, was seriously injured over on the third division Tuesday. He was running down a grade on that division and a sudden jolt of the engine threw him out of the cab window. He was taken to his home in Galion, and his recovery is uncertain.

Miss Mame Fairfield entertained a company of about twenty friends on Thursday evening. The novelty of the evening was the spider web contest, the following of the intricately strewn lines provoking much amusement. Miss Joe Harshberger and Mr. George Shute were awarded the prizes for most quickly running their courses. The refreshments were rarely nice.

Messrs. Babst of Crestline, Rude of Sandusky and Reed of Mansfield, were in the city Thursday afternoon looking after the interests of the proposed electric street railway in Marion. Their especial business here was of a nature to inspire greater confidence in the purpose of the company to build. It is intimated that an agreement was made with the Electric Light and Power company for power. Something definite in regard to this may be learned in a few days, however.

A gentleman interested financially in the Southern Ohio mining districts was here Friday looking over the city with the intention of selecting a suitable location for a large wholesale and retail coal yard. He came with the understanding that the route of the Short Line through the city had been established, but that not being the case he made no effort to select grounds. He comes right from the line of the Columbus, Shawnee and Hocking railroad and had no thought but what the Short Line would be built. The gentleman was very much pleased with the appearance of Marion

Another Pike Granted.

The county commissioners Thursday had a lively hearing on the proposed pike road from Gurleys to Big Island. The petitioners and remonstrators were so evenly represented as to members that things grew extremely exciting at certain stages of the hearing. The attorneys for the Big Four railroad were among the prominent objectors. It was found, however, that property owners favorable to the enterprise were in the majority by two, and the pike was granted, and the following commissioners appointed to look after the building: Enoch Hoke, J. B. Foster and J. K. Smith. The length of the line is four miles.

DANGEROUS WALKS

FURNISH A THEME FOR THE CITY COUNCIL AGAIN

Mrs. Snider's Claim for Damages Considered and the Liability of the City Discussed—Another Crushed Stone Resolution Defeated—The Old Formality of Examining Defective Sidewalks.

The city council met Thursday evening and every member was present.

In the way of street and alley business a petition from E. Huber and the Huber Manufacturing company, providing for the vation of alleys in Belleview addition was read and accepted. A petition for a sidewalk of minor importance was presented and referred to the street and alley committee, as was also the matter of building some street and alley crossings. In the latter the committee was given power to act.

A motion prevailed that a committee of one be appointed and instructed to examine all sidewalks in the city in regard to their defectiveness and report. This is one of the unfailing signs of spring trade, when the apertures in front of the poor man's property are repaired and the heavier taxpayer is allowed to exercise his own sweet will in the matter. Mr. Issleib got red in the face and touched on this same subject later in the evening, citing instances to substantiate his statements.

Lust reported for the committee appointed to get at the will of the people in regard to the location of the street railway tracks in the center of the street. Such was found to be the desire of property owners. The report was in favor of this and was accepted.

The usual number of bills were reported by the committee on accounts and ordered paid without any objections. Blum said sewer construction was moving along smoothly. Good! Lust nodded significantly at the solicitor and soon a resolution for the purchase of 700 yards of crushed stone was put in the hopper, but it didn't come out. When it come to a vote Blum, Vaughan, Molloy and Lust supported it, but Porch, Issleib and Sautter said "nixy," and the spectators listened for something to drop, but all was still.

The report of Solicitor Scofield, Mayor Dudley and Clerk Snyder, who were appointed as a committee some time ago to examine the causes leading to the injury of Mrs. J. H. Snider's by stepping from a projecting sidewalk on Windsor street, and Mrs. Snidery claim for $500 damages, was read. The report called attention to the fact that the committee had examined a number of witnesses in the case and investigated thoroughly, and recommended the payment of the claim. Vaughan objected to the payment for the reason that he thought it not clear that the city was liable, and believed it a question for the courts to decide whether the city or the owner of the walk should be held responsible. The solicitor was appealed to notwithstanding he had placed his signature to the report allowing the claim. Vaughan moved that the report of the committee be rejected, but when the vote was taken the result was a tie without Issleib voting at all, and thus the matter was dispensed with at the time.

A motion to adjourn to the 11th was made and President Porch put the motion amid the protestations of some of the members who said there was more business. The motion prevailed.

THE TREEP BOYS.

It Is Believed They Belonged to a Gang of Thieves.

Detective McCarty, of the C. and E Railroad company, was in the city Wednesday looking after the recent petty thieving done at the local yards of that company by the Treep boys and young Coochey.

It seems that the seriousness of the crime of the boys was not known at the time the boys received their sentence. The younger Treep, who is now serving his time in the county jail, was seen by the detective this morning and told considerable about the boys, which leads to the belief that their punishment is not commensurate with their offence. Their acknowledgement in regard to breaking the seal of the car from which the hosiery was taken was not made until after they had been sentenced. It has since developed that they broke the seal on another car previously, from which was taken a box of coffin trimmings, plates and decorations. This box has since been found along the track, where it was opened, but the most of the original contents remained in the box undisturbed.

There is some ground for the belief that the Treeps belonged to a gang that has been carrying on a system of thieving from the C., H. V. and T. and C. and E. yards for some time, and the clue given by them will be followed up. The C. and E. has also suffered at Espyville in the same way, and it is thought by the same gang. At that station coal thieves also worked diligently during the past winter, where it is said one man has been furnished coal at 15 cents per hundred pounds. The detective left Wednesday, but will return to make futher investigations in the case.

A grip belonging to a young man going west was stolen at the junction Tuesday night. The value of the contents were said to be worth about $15. No reliable clue has been obtained.

Cards are out announcing the marriage to occur at the Universalist church, Caledonia, O, April 11th, of C. F. Geddis, clerk at Seffner Bros., to Miss Maggie Hipsher, a pleasant little lady of Caledonia.

AN ARM MANGLED.

A C., H. V. and T. Brakeman Sustains Serious Injuries.

John E. Murphy, a freight brakeman on the C. H. V. and T. met with a painful and probably a most serious accident in the yards here at about 10 o'clock Friday forenoon. Murphy is of Conductor Poole's crew and was on train 55, north bound. In the north end of the local yards he made an attempt to pull a coupling pin in order to cut off a number of cars and in so doing his right arm was caught between the draw bars and badly crushed. Other employes of the train at once bandaged his arm and took him back to the depot, and turned him over to the local employes, who took him to Dr. Rhu's office, where Drs. Rhu, Thomas and Hensley attended to his injuries. The bones in his forearm were literally mangled to slivers. It is hardly thought that his arm will escape an amputation. He was taken to his home in Columbus Friday afternoon.

HE FELL HARD

Sammy Pollock Precipitated Down a Flight of Stairs with Serious Results.

Sammy Pollock, whom nearly everybody about town knows, met with a serious mishap Wednesday night. The accident happened while the gentleman was ascending a flight of stairs to a room at the Burkhart residence on Canal street. He had just reached the landing when he became over-balanced and fell backward to the foot of the stairway. He had on his arm an overcoat, which prevented any self-protection at all.

Drs. McMurray and Maddox were sent for at once and made an examination of his injuries, with the result of finding his left arm broken in two places between the shoulder and elbow, with a severe injury to his left side and painful bruises on his head. Sammy managed to get up street today under difficulties and extreme pain, and it is thought he will recover from the effects of his injuries all right. He suffers greatest from the wound to his side, however.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

Annual Inspection of Marion Commandery No. 36, Thursday Evening.

The annual inspection of Marion Commandery, No. 36, K. T., which occurred Thursday evening, was a highly successful event. The inspection proved that the team of Commandery No. 36 was very efficient in all the work. Em. Sir James Pettibone, of Cincinnati, was present to inspect the work and expressed himself as being highly pleased with his Marion brethren. The attendance was large and all went to make the meeting one of much interest.

There were a number of visiting Sir Knights present, among whom were two from Urbana and one from St. Louis. Of course, the usual banquet followed, which always occurs when there is work of this nature, and it was partaken of in the same hearty manner that is customary with all members of Masonic bodies.

SHORT LINE OFFICIALS

They Visit Marion to Investigate the Question of Route Through the City. No Conclusion.

Col. Pritchard, general superintendent of the projected Short Line railway, General Attorney Guerin, and others connected with the enterprise, were in the city Tuesday mainly to consider the route to be selected in passing through Marion. Several things were taken into consideration, and the gentlemen were well provided with information to ponder over upon their return. They said nothing to indicate the probable conclusion.

If any one has entertained a single doubt about the building of the Short Line they may dispel it. The construction will soon be under way. All the steel rails have been bought and delivery will begin April 15, and more than half the ties necessary for construction have been contracted for.

MARRIED IN TEXAS.

But Comes to Ohio to Secure a Decree of Divorce.

Attorneys Crissinger and Ryan, Thursday filed a petition for Lucretia Epps asking for a divorce from William Epps. By the petition it is learned that Lucretia and William were married in Buffalo, Texas, on the 15th of May, 1887. At that time Lucretia was but 14 years of age, and William turned out to be a regular Texas steer in his treatment of his girl wife. In the third month after his marriage he is charged with extreme cruelty, striking and kicking her. He is also charged with failure to provide enough to keep the wolf from the door, notwithstanding his ability to do so. This caused the young wife to seek safety from the cruelties of her unnatural husband, and she wants the courts to relieve her of her matrimonial burden and give her back her maiden name.

Look Out for "The Fast Mail."

L. J. Carter, of "The Fast Mail," which comes to Music Hall next Monday evening, the 11th, writes to Manager Sargent: "You can say to the theatre-going people that we will show on your stage all the great railroad scenes. Our locomotives carry a pressure of 180 pounds of steam, pulling fourteen freight cars and caboose. Also two steamboats run a race across the stage. We put up all our scenery and do as we advertise, except putting on the fire engine, which we can not put on to advantage.

We have the finest railroad show on the road, and if your railroad men don't say so we will refund the money."

TAKE HIM OUT FOR A RIDE.

That is the way to transport the baby. It pleases him and does him good. It is the easy way. Every home where there is the joy of a baby must have a Cab. A large assortment of all styles and prices at

W. C. RAPP & CO.'S.

Also a full line of Tricycles for boys or girls. Bring them in.

A SURE THING

The Marion and Mt. Gilead Pike Road Granted by the Commissioners.

The county commissioners this week granted the petition for the Marion and Mt. Gilead free turnpike. The new pike, which connects with the Richland pike and runs through Claridon to the Morrow county line, is 7¾ miles long, and will be one of the most important road improvements made in the county for a long time. The very diligent and determined manner in which the residents of Claridon township took hold of the enterprise is commendable and encouraging to those who have the idea of better roads in view.

The commissioners of the new road appointed are: Sidney Gruber, William T. Miller and M. C. Aye, and building will proceed this summer. The advantages of the improvement to Marion's business can be somewhat recognized from the anxiety which Mt. Gilead has had in the matter.

Bain-Mears Nuptials.

The pleasant home of Mr. G. N. Mears, near Cochranton, was the scene of a very enjoyable event on Tuesday, April 5, being the marriage of his daughter Belle, a highly-esteemed lady, to J. H. Bain, son of Senator Bain, an esteemed young man of DeCliff. At the appointed hour, high noon, the wedding march was rendered, and the bridal party, preceded by the officiating minister, J. S. Blair, of LaRue, proceeded to the parlor, where in the presence of a few invited guests they were united in the holy bonds of wedlock by a most impressive ceremony. After congratulations were received, the company proceeded to the dining room to a sumptuous repast, to which all did ample justice. The bride was handsomely attired in rhadames satin, trimmed in chiffon and moss trimmings, wearing orange blossoms and lilies of the valley. They were well remembered by their friends, receiving numerous presents. The afternoon was spent very enjoyably, and at a reasonable hour the guests departed to their respective homes, each hoping that the young couple would realize their fondest anticipations.

A GUEST.

A Strange Attachment.

It is a strange indeed to see a cat whose only companions are a flock of chickens, and yet just such a sight can be witnessed in Marion at most any time during the day. The cat in question is a full grown Maltese and belongs to a family of this city, who do not care to have a name mentioned in connection with the matter in print. For the past two years the cat has incessantly lived in the chicken yard and in that time has formed a strange attachment for its feathered friends. It seems to have a dislike for any of its species and cares for no other company than the yard full of fowls among which it resides. Among the chickens there is a small black hen and for this the cat has a particular liking, remaining with her most of the time, even staying by her side when she goes on the nest. The queer little animal eats among its companions of the featherly tribe, and they return its every attention and seem to enjoy its company. The cat has become so accustomed to living in midst of a group of cackling hens that it evidently enjoys all their privileges, with perhaps the exception of now and then furnishing the market with an egg.

In Police Court.

Amanda E. Weeks, a Galion woman, appeared in police court Wednesday and made affidavit for a warrant charging Amos Hile, her half brother, with assault and battery. Mrs. Weeks came here for the purpose of inducing her mother, who lived with Hile, to return to Galion with her to make that place her home. Hile heard that his mother was preparing to move away and return with Mrs. Weeks, which so incensed him that he started for home and committed the assault. Mrs. Weeks went into police court with good evidence, which consisted of a frightfully blackened eye. Hile was served with the warrant Wednesday afternoon and plead guilty to the charge, and was fined $5.90 by Mayor Dudley, which he paid. Mrs. Weeks, however, succeeded in taking her mother home with her

Surprise to All.

A [illegible] "Mother's Friend" [illegible] so speedily and [illegible] relieved that it was a surprise to the attending [illegible] "Mother's Friend" undoubtedly lessens the pains, shortens the time and restores the mother [illegible]. We recommend it to all [illegible] mothers, and advise them to use it. Mrs J. A. R., Munce, Ind.

Sold at Flocken's drug store.

HERE AND THERE.

The Ohio State Journal, in mentioning the new districts, says:

"The Thirteenth gives 5,673 Democratic majority and there will be a fearful fight for the prize. Wyandot will present D. D. Hare, present member, but W. E. Haynes of Erie, another incumbent, put in this district, will also make the race. Dr. J. A. Norton, present State railroad commissioner of Seneca, has his eye set for the place. Gen. E. B. Finley of Crawford, is after the plum, as is also Boston G. Young, the eagle orator of Marion. Besides these there are a half a dozen more of the bourbon orators unlimbering their artillery for the fight, but who as yet have not advanced to the forefront."

Should the pretty Mr. Norton really get after the place, how fondly the sweet memory of Marion Democrats would revert to the past.

⁂

It is reported that the railroad corporations by next year propose to do away with the a. m. and p. m. record of keeping time by inaugurating a system of through clocks beginning at 1 o'clock and running to 24. For example, half past 11 o'clock p. m. will be 23:30, half-past 23 o'clock; midnight 24 o'clock, and so on, and thereby no mixing up of forenoon and afternoon schedules. This may work with "soulless corporations," but it would never do for the public to think of adopting the idea. No man who spent several hours at lodge would feel like facing his wife at twenty-four o'clock.

⁂

Professor Foster, the noted weather prophet, predicts a warmer April this year than usual, with less rainfall, but a severe storm, generally throughout the country and especially severe east of the Mississippi, between the 21st and 26th of the month. He also predicts a cold wave about the 11th, and a dry May and June. There is one thing in regard to Mr. Foster's predictions that that should be noted, he uncomfortably comes near telling the truth.

⁂

They tell it of a bright young man who started out last week to raise a Tallywag Club mustache and went to see his girl Sunday afternoon with a puny six days' growth. An unfriendly reference to his efforts on the part of the little lady filled the young man's heart with chilly forebodings and he returned home and made the sacrifice in deference to her wishes. And when he made his evening call there was nothing left to tell the tale but a razor scar.

A Correspondent Replies.

The STAR'S Richland correspondent writes: "In reply to P. O. S. of A., I would say that the school closed in the Shrock district is the one in the only Shrock district in the county. Several in neighboring districts had scarlet fever and there was an exposure to the disease that hastened the closing of the Shrock school before the term ended. If this doesn't satisfactorily explain it, see me for particulars.

Z. Z.

George Washington

Hatchets. On Saturday, April 16th, I will sell the Gordon & Co. stock of hatchets at 30¢ each. These are good goods and every one warranted. They are marked from 50 to 85¢ each. This will wind up our Saturday sales for the present because the crowds we have on Saturdays are larger than we can handle.

118etSaw2 FRED HABERMAN.

Licensed to Marry.

Clarence Wayland and Mrs. Maggie Rella Bushong.

Alva S. Coykendall and Miss Cora May Hurraff.

Will Day and Lydia Anderson.

Edward H. Huggins and Maria S. Smeltzer.

William Cobo and Mary Rackley.

THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

COUGH CURE. A DOSE

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Price, 50c. and $1.00. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use SHILOH'S POROUS PLASTERS. Price, 25c.

APPEALS TO THE CODE.

Some Ludicrous Phases of the Dueling Practice.

MORE INK THAN GORE OFTEN SHED

Comical Incidents Connected with a Recent Celebrated Case—The Bennett-May Fiasco—Celebrated Encounters in the Antebellum History of America.

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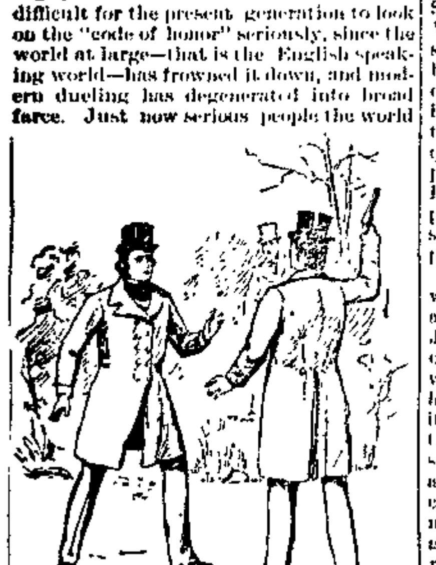
There are duels and duels. It is a little difficult for the present generation to look on the "code of honor" seriously, since the world at large—that is the English speaking world—has frowned it down, and modern dueling has degenerated into broad farce. Just now serious people the world over are engaged in sneering at two men, old enough to know better, who, by monkeying with an obsolete custom which neither of them understood anything about, have succeeded in fixing the stigma of tomfoolery upon themselves and the stain of disgrace on a woman who comes of one of the proudest families in America.



"I TRUST YOU ARE UNTOUCHED."

It matters not that the family may have little but money to be proud of, or whether the disgrace that has befallen the woman is or is not deserved. The mischief is done, and all the men can do is to share the ridicule and let the woman suffer. Had they understood the code to which they appealed, such a result could not have happened. They would have been condemned, but would not have been laughed at.

For, since the Middle Ages, when the settlement of all serious disputes among gentlemen was by mortal combat, and the church and the state recognized the result of the combat as the judgment of human and divine law, fighting men have maintained the rules of such combats in a way to divest them of ridiculous features. They may be criminal, but they are not funny.

Within the memory of living men various codes have been recognized as binding, and it is interesting to Americans to recall that the latest of these was drawn up and published by the governor of a state of the Union. While it was almost identical in spirit, it differed from the French code in being more exacting, from the Irish in being less drastic, and from the old English code in being more politely ceremonious. If any code can be considered binding in any sense among Americans, as the two men referred to are, it is that compiled by Governor John Lynde Wilson, of South Carolina, in 1815. Governor Wilson himself fought eighteen duels and married six wives, so that his gallantry at least can hardly be questioned. Moreover, his code was accepted as authoritative.

In less than fifty years, however, it has passed into such "innocuous desuetude" that actual encounters according to its provisions are almost unknown. Men who appeal to it seem almost invariably to be ignorant of its provisions, and by failing to maintain its punctilio, succeed only in making themselves laughing stocks, seldom or never in shedding each other's blood.

"What could be more comical," said a well known naval officer in speaking about the Drayton-Borrowe episode, "than for a man to write a cartel and sign it 'yours truly'? That is what Mr. Drayton did, and then, as if to show that he could be even more comical, he sends the letter by a messenger boy. Only one thing could be imagined more out of keeping with the character of a duelist, and that would be to write a challenge on a postal card and send it, as the first part of this correspondence in question was sent, that is, through the public mail. Again, for a man who really seeks gore, it is irresistibly comical to continue a correspondence with his enemy and declare his 'respect' and his 'increased respect' for him.

"Then," continued this critic, laughing, "the seconds prove themselves to be as ignorant of etiquette as their principals. They certainly make a fight impossible, and that is praiseworthy in a second, but they do it by bungling. One primary rule in all codes is that after the challenge is delivered the principals can have nothing to say. Their seconds act for them in every particular until the quarrel is settled in one way or another. But Mr. Borrowe's seconds ignore Mr. Drayton's seconds and write to Mr. Drayton after the two principals have written to each other several times. Then Mr. Drayton ignores his own seconds and writes back to Borrowe's seconds. It's not blood he wants to shed—it's ink. Then, a month afterward, they make faces at each other like two schoolboys. The whole affair is too preposterous to consider in any serious light."

Mr. Borrowe and Mr. Drayton, however, are not alone as objects of criticism. It is not many years ago that James Gordon Bennett and a young New Yorker named May were talked about in just the same way. They agreed to fight, and it is said went out of town to do so. Nobody knows whether or not they did, but neither was hurt.

Henry Clay and John Randolph had a similar experience, though they were not laughed at so much. It was in 1826, when men generally were more familiar with dueling etiquette, and the proceedings were dignified enough until the time came to shoot. Then Randolph, through nervousness, shot before raising his pistol and Clay reserved fire. A second shot was arranged. Clay fired and missed. Randolph shot in the air, and Clay rushed up to him exclaiming: "I trust in God, sir, you are untouched. After what has occurred I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

The duello in those days, and for long after, was no laughing matter. It is quite evident, however, that it was well understood even then, that ridicule was likely to be brought upon duelists who failed in nicety of conduct. Thus a British celebrity who published in 1824 declares that no more than "three fires" should be allowed in a duel, lest on the one hand it should be reduced to the level of a common fight, or on the other that the principals should be ridiculed for incapacity.

It is notable that in America more duels, or at least more that are well known, have arisen from political quarrels than from almost any other cause. The one cited between Randolph and Clay was caused by Randolph's remark that the administration under which Clay was secretary of state was "puritanical, diplomatic, black-legged" one.

It is also notable in the same connection that Jefferson Davis, who was a duelist, drew the distinction between political and personal quarrels. The occasion was the last duel between congressmen that arose from congressional debates. It was at Bladensburg on Feb. 24, 1851, that Edward Stanley, of North Carolina, fought Samuel W. Inge, of Alabama, because of expressions used in a debate on the river and harbor bill. Charles Lee Jones was Stanley's second, and after one shot was exchanged he interposed an objection to further hostilities, saying that Stanley had entered the quarrel because of what he considered a personal insult. Jefferson Davis, who was Inge's second, responded that his principal's remarks were political and not personal. This was considered a sufficient explanation and the quarrel ceased.

There had been many other meetings which ended less happily before this was accepted as an honorable explanation. Jonathan Cilley, of Maine, was killed in a duel that has been famous ever since, which arose from certain criticisms which he made on the floor of congress on the editorial utterances of James Watson Webb, the famous editor. Webb challenged him, sending William J. Graves, of Kentucky, as his second, and Cilley flatly refused the challenge on the ground that Webb had no right to hold him responsible for language used in debate. This led to a quarrel between Graves and Cilley, and Graves sent Governor Henry A. Wise as his second with a challenge. The exact point of etiquette involved in the quarrel was that Cilley refused to say whether or not he had any idea of reflecting on Webb's character or standing as a gentleman. Before the duel, and after the first and second interchanges of shots, he refused to be catechised on this point, and at the third shot he was instantly killed.

This, as was said, was one of the most famous of American duels, ranking perhaps next to the historic encounter in which Aaron Burr killed Alexander Hamilton. Indeed, it is commonly believed that the popular indignation over Cilley's death was one of the main causes of the absolute discontinuance of dueling in America, although, as was said, this was by no means the last duel, even among congressmen. Before it occurred duels took place so frequently that even a list of the most notable ones would occupy columns of space. Andrew Jackson was an avowed duelist, engaging in several encounters on the "field of honor" and killing one of his enemies, Charles Dickinson, in the most deliberate fashion possible after Dickinson had fired. There are few persons today who would not call the deed a murder, but it was then considered a sufficiently proper act. Dickinson fired first, wounding but not shaking Jackson, and staggered back in astonishment. His second, General Overton, called him back, and he resumed his position at once, but turned his eyes away. Jackson aimed and pulled his trigger. The hammer stopped at half cock, and he deliberately aimed again, fired and killed Dickinson. This was in 1806. Afterward he was elected president of the United States.

As was said, the last code published—the American one of Governor Wilson's—is far less bloodthirsty in its provisions than those which governed earlier encounters. In the Middle Ages those fights which were supposed to reveal by their issue "the judgment of God" were many of them almost incredibly brutal. One, for example, was between Mahiot and Jacotin, two peasants, at Valenciennes. They fought with quarter staves, both being thoroughly greased, and using ashes in their hands to keep a grip on their bludgeons. Mahiot threw a handful of sand into Jacotin's eyes, and got the better of the fight at first. Jacotin, however, presently threw him, jumped on his body, put out his eyes and then knocked out his brains. Jacotin had previously killed a relative of Mahiot, and this fight was to settle the question whether the first killing was an assassination or the issue of a fair fight. As he succeeded in killing the second, Philip of Burgundy decided that the first was a fair fight, and Jacotin was therefore acquitted of all blame.

The Irish code of a century ago was not quite as bad as this, but it was sufficiently cruel. Its thirteenth rule, for example, was, "No dumb shooting or firing in the air is admissible in any case. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offense, and the challenged ought, if he gave offense, to have made an apology before he came on the ground, therefore children's play must be dishonorable on one side or the other and is strictly prohibited." Other rules were framed especially and avowedly to prevent reconciliation or apology for insult until after one or more shots had been exchanged.

THE DUEL WITH STICKS.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

Feats of a Fakir.

Soliman ben Aissa, an East Indian fakir, has set the Viennese physicians to talking. He performs remarkable tricks, or whatever they may be called, and has created such excitement that the authorities have refused to permit him to exhibit in public. One of Soliman's favorite feats is to inhale the smoke from a powder prepared from extracts of snake and scorpion poisons. Then he shakes his head violently and foams at the mouth. While this is going on a large stiletto is thrust through his tongue, and his cheek is used as a pincushion by his assistant. Soliman also pulls his eyeballs forward and holds them outside the sockets between his fingers. A blazing torch is held against his arm and he never flinches. Chewing glass is a diversion which Soliman now considers it beneath his "professional" dignity to perform.

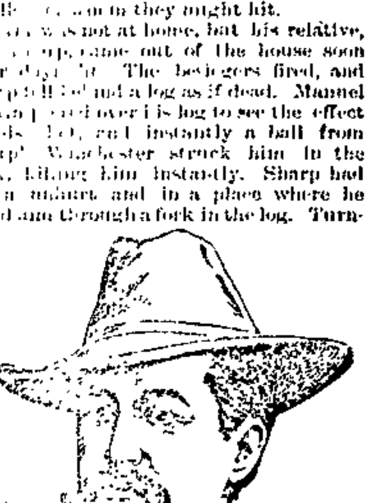
A BRAVE KENTUCKY SHERIFF.

How He Hunted Down and Captured a Desperado.

Kentucky is growing very tired of being pointed to on account of a little strip of lawlessness in her mountain counties and is cleaning it out rapidly. The Hatfield-McCoy feud ended in mutual extermination and the conviction of the survivors. Two other feuds ended similarly, and now it is officially announced that the Howard-Turner feud is ended by the capture of the last man and that the thrice notorious Berry Turner is in jail at Pineville, Bell county.

But he was in that same jail a year ago, escaped by knocking down the jailer who brought him his breakfast, and is charged with having killed nine men in the intervening time. His friends only admit two, and Berry has already proved off one case. This was the famous killing of Manuel Partin, who went out with two others to arrest Berry. Surrounding his house just before daylight, they opened fire on it, regardless of whom they might hit.

Berry was not at home, but his relative, Jim Sharp, came out of the house soon after daylight. The besiegers fired, and Sharp fell behind a log as if dead. Manuel Partin peered over the log to see the effect of his shot, and instantly a ball from Sharp's Winchester struck him in the neck, killing him instantly. Sharp had fell in a manner and in a place where he could aim through a fork in the log. Turning to Berry Turner's son, who lay beside him, Sharp said:



SHERIFF JOHN C. COLSON.

"I think I got him, 'cause I seen him flop his wings."

They learn marksmanship in that region by match shooting at turkeys, and they learn it well. The body of Partin lay there two days before any magistrate ventured to take charge of it. Kentucky and Tennessee both had large rewards out for Berry Turner, and many officials and volunteers hunted for him, but when the trail got hot they concluded, in the language of Sheriff Hughes, of Claiborne county, Tenn., that they "hadn't lost no Turner, and so weren't spoiling to find one."

Last August John C. Colson was elected sheriff, and began a relentless war on the outlaws. He was reared among the mountaineers and knows all their ways. With Deputies Bingham and Harris he started on a March hunt for Berry Turner, calculating that the last deep snow of the year would drive him under cover. They rode and walked seventy five miles through the wild regions of Bell county, with but the briefest rest, and by the merest accident came upon Berry in a little outhouse near his brother in law's—Lafe Chadwell's—residence. And at the last he surrendered without a fight, though his sister stood outside yelling to him to "Sell dear, Berry; sell dear, don't give up to the dogs."

But Berry says he had always been willing to surrender to any officer who would protect him against a mob, and he knew Colson to be about the bravest man in Kentucky. High praise indeed, "praise from Sir Hubert!" Berry is a mild eyed, very soft voiced blond, forty-five years old, 5 feet 6 inches high and weighing but 140 pounds. Sheriff Colson is a six footer, forty years old and fearing no man. The trial of Berry will be the sensation of the year in southeastern Kentucky, and possibly we shall learn just how many men he has killed.

Avoided a Contest.

The widow of Charles Stewart Parnell, who was formerly Mrs. O'Shea, is a sister of Sir Evelyn Wood. Recently her aunt, Mrs. Wood, bequeathed her an estate valued at about $1,000,000. The general and six nieces and a nephew of the testatrix contested the will on the old and well worn, though frequently successful ground of "undue influence." The thought of the scandal which was certain to be engendered by such an unseemly contest worried Mrs. Parnell greatly. She finally came to the conclusion that the other relatives ought to receive just as much as she, and she has accordingly divided up with them, share and share alike. Her act is highly commended in England.

Narrowly Escaped Dissection.

Alphonse Pansard, the Frenchman who murdered the Baltimore woman, recently attempted suicide in prison by gashing his throat in a horrible manner. The injured organ was sewed up, and after awhile, Pansard's body having become rigid, the medical attendant thought he was dead and ordered the "remains" to be carried to the morgue. Before the doctors there began to dissect Pansard it was discovered that life was not extinct. Prompt measures were adopted to revive him, and in a short time he was taken back to the hospital, where he improved rapidly.

Puzzling the Prussian Authorities.

A man was recently placed on trial in the criminal court of Dusseldorf, charged with robbery, and also with murder. He was convicted of the lesser crime and sentenced to five years penal servitude. Then he was put on trial for murder, and after a tedious examination of witnesses was condemned to die. Now the authorities are in a quandary as to which sentence shall be executed first. The criminal himself argues in favor of the penal servitude, for the reason, as he sagely points out, that "if you execute me first, I shall always be in your debt for the other term."

Old Lovers Reunited.

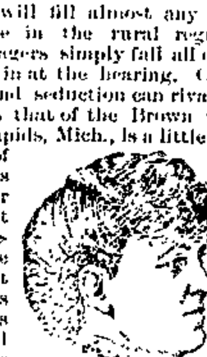
Twenty years ago L. O. Titus was a young farmer living in New York state. He was very much in love with a lady who reciprocated his affection. For some reason, possibly a lover's quarrel, the engagement was broken. The girl became Mrs. Albert Lewis, and she and her husband moved west. Titus also married and followed Horace Greeley's advice. Recently Mr. Lewis and Mrs. Titus died. A correspondence was begun between the old lovers of twenty years ago, and they were married in Minneapolis the other day.

ASSAILED HER MOTHER'S GOOD NAME.

Sensational Proceedings in a Michigan Will Case.

Will cases never lose their interest for the American people. Many fascinating novels turn upon the loss of wills or contests over them. The trial of a complicated will case will fill almost any city courtroom, while in the rural regions farmers and villagers simply fall all over each other to get in at the hearing. Only willful murder and seduction can rival it.

Of recent trials that of the Brown will case at Grand Rapids, Mich., is a little the "juiciest," for of the contestants one swore that her sister was a cheat and her father demented, while the other swore that their mother was an adulteress twice detected and her alleged sister illegitimate. The supporting witnesses on both sides testified widely if not wildly, and the medical experts were rather the wildest of the lot. James H. Brown, the testator, made the will in 1881, leaving nearly all of his $225,000 to his daughter Margaret, or Mrs. Haines, and $10,000 to the other daughter, Alice, or Mrs. Hayden, "in case she should be reduced to poverty."



MRS. HAYDEN.

Mrs. Hayden contested. It was proved that she (Alice was her father's favorite child until her own little Alice died in 1877 and she joined her husband in Colorado. Her father then went to live with Margaret, and soon conceived an aversion for Alice and her husband. His wife, after living with him fifty-eight years, died in 1887, and by the will the provision for her also went to Margaret. Last year he died and the fight began. Mrs. Haines took the stand and swore to a tale which dumfounded court and jury, bar and spectators.

She declared that when she was a girl of ten years, in Adrian, Mich., she surprised her mother and one Dr. Hoyt; that Alice, born some months later, was Dr. Hoyt's child, the resemblance being very marked; that her mother subsequently maintained relations with one Dr. Seeley, now of Chicago, and that her father became thoroughly convinced of all these things in due time. Mrs. Hayden simply declared that her father's mind had failed by age when he made the will. The testimony on both sides of this issue was wonderful.

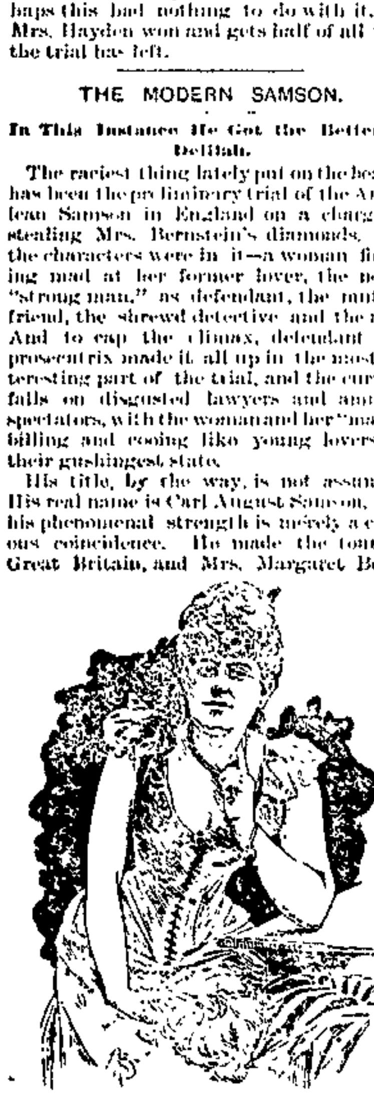
The ladies of Grand Rapids "rose as one man" in behalf of Mrs. Hayden, and Mrs. Haines was hissed in the courtroom. The latter is a childless woman of sixty. Mrs. Hayden, on the other hand, is quite attractive, both in person and address. Perhaps this had nothing to do with it, but Mrs. Hayden won and gets half of all that the trial has left.

THE MODERN SAMSON.

In This Instance He Got the Better of Delilah.

The raciest thing lately put on the boards has been the preliminary trial of the American Samson in England on a charge of stealing Mrs. Bernstein's diamonds. All the characters were in it—a woman fighting mad at her former lover, the noted "strong man," as defendant, the mutual friend, the shrewd detective and the rest. And to cap the climax, defendant and prosecutrix made it all up in the most interesting part of the trial, and the curtain falls on disgusted lawyers and amused spectators, with the woman and her "mash" billing and cooing like young lovers in their gushingest state.

His title, by the way, is not assumed. His real name is Carl August Samson, and his phenomenal strength is merely a curious coincidence. He made the tour of Great Britain, and Mrs. Margaret Bernstein fell madly in love with him. She is described as wealthy, remarkably well preserved and fine looking. They lived in bliss for about the usual time and then had the usual falling out. He went his way, and she had him arrested for stealing her diamonds. He frankly admitted taking the jewels, but declared that she gave them to him, and there was evidence to that effect.



MRS. BERNSTEIN.

The trial was a continuous comedy. Her letters to him were read in court and convulsed judge, jury and bar, but they could not be published in a family newspaper. He blushed fiery red and she fainted during the reading. On her cross examination she fainted twice, but owned to her infatuation like a heroine. At length the court declared the evidence sufficient to find a true bill. Then Mrs. Bernstein fainted again, and her counsel announced that she refused to prosecute. So Samson was released on nominal bail.

A Mind Diseased.

Another brilliant intellect has been obscured (it is hoped only temporarily) in Philadelphia. Professor Roberts Bartholow, professor of obstetrics and therapeutics in Jefferson Medical college, has been placed under restraint, as the symptoms of insanity which developed a year ago have become more marked. His vagaries have taken the form of a violent dislike of his wife, whom he really loves devotedly. Professor Bartholow is said to have been one of the most popular instructors with the students the college has ever had.

Helped His Wife to Elope.

John Springler is an Indiana blacksmith in whom the spirit of practicality completely overshadows the element of romance. His wife fell in love with Arthur Dixon, who is seventy-five years old. She made no secret of it, but informed Springler of her changed feelings toward him. The Vulcan did buy a pistol and a bottle of laudanum, but when the time for eloping came he assisted his spouse into the buggy with her aged lover, and when the couple drove off it is alleged that Springler actually smiled.

THEY'LL KILL NO MORE

Two Executioners Who Have Retired.

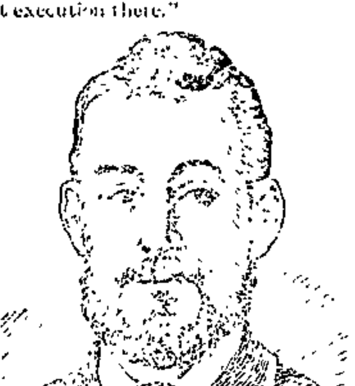
EACH FAMOUS IN HIS WAY.

One Hanged People in England and the Other Guillotined French Criminals. Both Are Now Opposed to Capital Punishment.

The opponents of capital punishment have received extraordinary re-enforcements. James Berry, England's famous hangman, and M. Deibler, the still more famous French executioner, known as Monsieur de Paris, have resigned. Both declare against capital punishment, and Berry will at once enter upon a crusade against it as lecturer and writer.

The Frenchman has held his office forty years and guillotined 208 persons, while Berry has held his but eight years. Yet the latter has hanged 134 murderers and been retained in a still greater number in which the criminals were reprieved, figures which suggest an extraordinary disparity between English and French executions. Berry tells a truly amazing story.

He declares that he has hanged several persons who were not really responsible for their actions, and probably a few who were innocent; that several who were reprieved, undoubtedly deserved hanging more than did those who suffered, and that such injustice, or rather such unequal justice, is done that the general effect upon the public sense is bad. In his letter of resignation, however, he says, "My reason is on account of Dr. Barr interfering with my responsible duty at Kirkdale gaol, Liverpool, on my last execution there."



JAMES BERRY.

That was a peculiarly painful case. The home office experts decided on a standard length of rope and drop. Berry declared their alleged scientific calculations to be false, and that drop and rope should be adjusted on a sliding scale according to the weight and build of the criminal. Dr. Barr insisted on his method, and the result was that the man's head was twisted off.

In another instance Berry went to hang one John Lee, convicted of the murder of an old lady near Torquay. When he pulled the lever the drop did not fall. The local officials said the woodwork had swollen on account of the rain, and had the part they thought at fault sawed away. Still the trap did not fall. For over half an hour the criminal stood in the agony of expectation, then the sheriff's heart failed him and the condemned was taken back to prison and eventually reprieved. Berry says the fault was in the movable ironwork below the platform, and that the convicts who constructed it had purposely made it wrong.

For each execution he received ten pounds, and five pounds where there was a reprieve, besides his expenses. He went to every part of England when called for by the sheriff, the matter being at the option of that official, as the hangman is not an officer of the law, but only an appointee of the home secretary. Berry is said to be a very intelligent and gentlemanly person. He starts on a lecturing tour with flattering offers, and it is reported in London that he has been offered a large sum for a tour in the United States. He will not only lecture, but will circulate petitions for the abolition of capital punishment.

M. Deibler has had a far more sensational career, and many a time as he rode in the gray dawn of morning from the prison of some provincial town to the place of execution he has heard persons in the street cry out to their friends:

"There! that is M. de Paris on the front seat. I saw him when he 'clipped' (guillotined) So and so at such a place."

The French method appears shocking to English and Americans. The condemned is not allowed the slightest hint of the time set for his execution. He may wait for it a week or many months. Some day M. de Paris gets an order from the minister of justice directing him what road to take and what hour to arrive at the provincial town. His five assistants promptly pack the guillotine and start with it. At 2 a. m. they proceed to the ground, unpack and screw it together in working shape, then try the lunette (which holds the criminal's head) and the knife, to see if it runs properly.

Meanwhile monsieur has delivered his sealed letter to the local officials, and they all proceed to the prison a half hour or so before daylight. The condemned is waked and knows at once that his hour has come. He will not see the sun rise. Forty minutes, as a rule, is the length of time he has to live. Mass is said if he desires it. The back of his neck and base of his skull are then shaved clean, and he and his priest enter the cart. Already the streets are crowded, for it is impossible for M. de Paris to get into a town without being seen.

Arrived at the "place de guillotine" the condemned is bound to an upright board turning on a pivot. The priest holds up the crucifix. Monsieur quickly turns down the board. The doomed man's neck fits nicely in the lunette. The huge steel knife, weighing 120 pounds, set diagonally and as sharp as a razor, drops—the ends running in grooves of the upright beams. The criminal's head drops into a basket and his blood spouts into the sawdust; and for such work M. de Paris receives $1,200 per year and traveling expenses.

A Dangerous Crossing.

That portion of Broadway, New York city, in front of the Astor House might very appropriately be called the "slaughter house," as a newspaper correspondent suggested some time ago. Within the last couple of weeks or so a lady was killed while crossing the street, and two men were injured, one of them fatally.

CLEVER DETECTIVE WORK.

A Novel Plan for Overhearing and Overlooking Chicago's Boodlers.

Several aldermen of the city of Chicago have been indicted for accepting bribes, and the matter, owing to its similarity to the celebrated New York "boodle" cases, is attracting national attention. The evidence against the aldermen was very skillfully worked up by Detective John Bonfield, whose device for overhearing the consultations of the conspirators is related by the Chicago News as follows:

When Alderman Johnny Powers read that certain detectives had been watching "boodling" operations through a hole in the ceiling, he went into the business department of his saloon on Madison street and looked carefully at the wall paper overhead. He could not see any hole. After gazing at the wall paper long and earnestly without finding a break or tear, he became convinced of his own innocence, and said the story was a lie. Johnny Powers is not a specialist in optical illusions. Detective John Bonfield is.

When the saloon was opened on Madison street by Alderman Powers and Alderman O'Brien it was the understanding that the place was to be the headquarters for the "gang." Those who were watching the operations of the crowd soon became convinced that much business was being transacted in the private office of Powers & O'Brien. Detectives made an examination of the premises. The saloon, fronting north on Madison street, had a cigar stand and screen near the front door. The bar extended down the east of the room to the tall ice chest. Behind the ice chest and shut off by partitions 12 feet high were two private rooms, apparently intended for wine closets. The room in front was kept locked. Alderman Powers and Alderman O'Brien each carried a key. Behind these two private rooms was the partition separating the barroom from the "stock exchange" bucket shop in the rear. An offset in the west wall of the barroom narrowed the passage leading to the back room. The private office had a safe in the northeast corner and a table in the center.

The detectives gained temporary possession of the vacant room over the saloon. Election Commissioner Hutchins held the lease. They found that the offset in the west wall continued up through the second floor. By estimating the distances from the angle of the offset they were able to locate a point in the floor immediately above the private office. This was not done, however, until frequent visits had been made to the saloon and all of the distances had been "stepped off" by the sleuths. Then the next thing was to get a hole through the ceiling and watch the transaction of business in the clearing house.

It was no easy task to make a hole in the ceiling large enough to see what was going on underneath and small enough to escape attention. The new wall paper in the barroom was of a light shade and a black hole, even a half inch in diameter, would have been at once noticed.

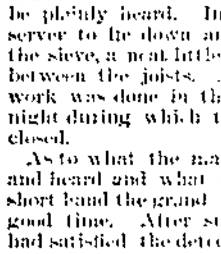
The boards were sawed off between the joists, which were sixteen inches apart. Then the laths were cut out for a space about six inches in diameter. The removal of the plastering was a careful operation. A solution of glue and water was used to moisten it, and it was picked out a little at a time. The detectives were expecting to come to the wall paper, but they were surprised to find a layer of boards under the plaster. When a hole was cautiously chiseled through the boards the workers came to a layer of muslin, to which the wall paper had been plastered. This was a piece of good fortune. The stiff muslin allowed a 6 inch hole to be cut in the wood. The only things to be penetrated were the cloth and paper.

Detective Bonfield then decided to prick a large number of very small holes through the muslin and paper. Experiments were made, and it was found that a sheet of paper could be made as porous as mosquito bar without marking it up. It was feared, however, that in trying to put in so many of the little apertures the paper might be torn by the holes "running into each other." So the needles were fastened together in a comb and the work was done with the holes very close to each other. It was found that the whole interior of the office could be seen and the talk could be plainly heard. In order for the observer to lie down and keep his eye over the sieve, a neat little shelf was inserted between the joists. All of this tedious work was done in the few hours of the night during which the place below was closed.

As to what the man on the shelf saw and heard and what was taken down in short hand the grand jury will inquire in good time. After sufficient observation had satisfied the detectives, the hole was closed up and the floor relaid. The reason Alderman Johnny Powers did not find the hole was that there were several hundred holes.

A Heroic Longshoreman.

Thomas Platt, a longshoreman, performed a notable act of heroism in Chicago the other day. He stopped a runaway horse and saved a woman's life under circumstances full of peril to himself. Mrs. Kate Schwahn started out in the morning for a drive in her coupe. While on the boulevard the harness broke and frightened the horse. The driver, a new employee, taking the place of the regular coachman, who was sick, also became frightened. He dropped one of the lines in his vain endeavor to check the mad flight of the horse along the crowded street. A little later he either jumped or was thrown from his seat to the pavement, where he lay unconscious.



THOMAS PLATT

In the meantime Mrs. Schwahn's cries for help seemed unavailing. No one dared to make an effort to stop the horse. It appeared to be an undertaking fraught with certain death. Nevertheless, when Platt, who was walking in front of the Pullman building, saw the running horse and heard the screaming woman, he put all thoughts of safety aside.

He ran into the street, made a desperate plunge and seized the reins. The animal struggled frantically, but Platt brought him to a standstill and thus saved Mrs. Schwahn from a horrible death. People rushed up from every side and shook him by the hand. When it was proposed to make him a present of a purse he refused it. He refused also to talk much about what he had done.

"I was not injured by the horse," he said merely, "though I felt ragged out when it was all over."

Denmark is the most intemperate country in the world. Its yearly consumption of intoxicants is double that of Germany.

Advance Information.

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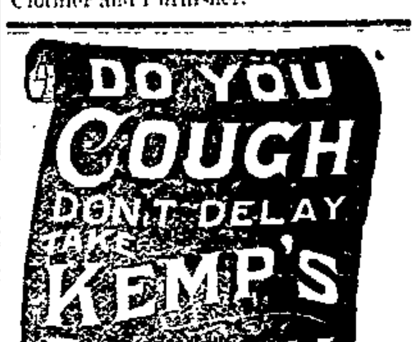

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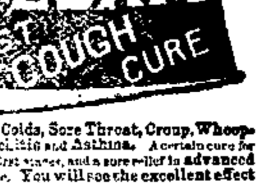

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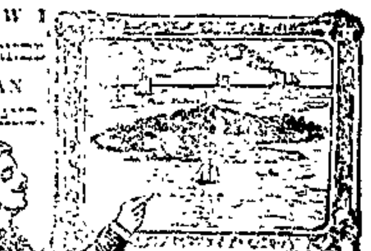

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